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THE FLYING FISH, or, Running the Blockade of Boston Harbor.

By Prof. J. H. Ingraham.



The daring Flying Fish sails in spite of the guard.

THE FLYING FISH;

—OR,—

Running the Blockade of Boston Harbor.

A Stirring Story of Revolutionary Times.

BY PROF. J. H. INGRAHAM.

CHAPTER I.

THE FISHING BOAT.

THE sunset gun had just been fired from a British frigate lying at anchor in Boston harbor, and the blue cloud of sulphurous smoke was yet slowly sailing across the calm water towards the land, when an English officer, accompanied by one of his staff, galloped to the summit of Copp's Hill, and, reining up, fixed his gaze intently seaward. He was a strikingly noble-looking person, with grey hair sprinkling his darker locks. He was well mounted, and his fiery horse pawed the earth as he held him tightly in with the rein. After looking steadily for a moment down the harbor he took a small field telescope from his pocket and put it to his eye.

"I fear, Proctor," he said, shutting the glass, and shaking his head with a disappointed air, "I fear we shall have to give our expected ship another week. Forty days out already is a long passage."

"I was in hopes, sir," said the officer, "that the south-east wind which has been blowing so long, until to-day, would have brought the ships on the coast."

"I am disappointed. We need a ship or two, if they bring no troops to aid us in our operations. This rebellion, since that bad affair at Lexington a few weeks ago, has assumed a serious aspect! I suppose you have heard that the rebel Congress have appointed or intend to appoint a Colonel Washington Commander-in-Chief of their forces. This looks like a determination to prosecute the war."

"From the spirit manifested by these Colonists in the late affair," said the other, "I fear we shall find some trouble in checking this rebellion. We shall lose Boston if they should make a determined attack; for there is a large but undisciplined army assembled in the vicinity."

"Our spies tell me at least twelve thousand men. We have ten thousand men besides our ships of war. But if the whole province rises in arms, as seems to menace, they will five times out-number us. I foresee a long and sanguinary struggle. If I had my way I would show no quarter, and hang every rebel taken."

"This is a beautiful country, and at any sacrifice worth holding for the crown," said the other officer, with some enthusiasm. "See what a fair scene lies beneath us, mellowed by the lingering glow of this rich American sunset!"

General Gage remained a moment silently gazing upon the beauty of the prospect to which the other had drawn his attention. The cloudless skies were flushed with a delicate tinge of rosy light, while the gorgeous west glowed with gold, purple and crimson dyes, mingled in the richest fusion. The atmosphere was a transparent haze, seen through which every object was invested with new loveliness. The town below them, the distant country with its villages, the harbor and its green islands, its war-like shipping and castle, seemed like parts of a scene of enchantment. The tall beacon on the Beacon Hill stood dark and solitary against the golden sky, a singular feature in the scene, while the square towers of the King's Chapel and Brattle Church, magnified in the dreamy haze, seemed huge castles situated amid the town; and, in graceful contrast, rose, high and clear, and beautifully distinct as if pencilled on the sky, the spires of the North and Old South Churches.

On Fort Hill, and upon the summit of that on which they were, towered tall spiral flag-staffs, from which the flags had fallen at sundown, glittering in the reflection of the burning West, like needles of silver.

The battle-ships, half-a-score in number, at anchor off the town seemed suspended upon a sea of purple and gold, with which their huge black sides singularly contrasted; and every spar and rope was reflected below with beautiful distinctness. Black-looking men-of-war boats were constantly rowed to and fro upon the skyey painted water, and a small armed schooner, with rose-colored sails, so lavishly did the lingering glories of the sunset enrich all things terrestrial with heavenly dyes, was sleeping upon the harbor, waiting for the evening wind. The islands amid this golden scene were of a deeper green, and seemed in the purple haze invested with a beauty not earthly. The whole scene appeared to them like a picture by some old master—a Claude Lorraine—rich, dreamy, and indistinctly beautiful, and yet the more beautiful for the shadowy indistinctness of every outline.

"This is truly a fairy scene, and hath all the voluptuous character of a landscape in southern Italy," said General Gage, who had gazed upon it with the admiration of a man of cultivated taste.

"You say truly! This is too fair a land to be resigned lightly by the crown. But were every green island yonder a barren rock fit only for fishermen to draw their nets upon; were this expansive and beautiful harbor a narrow creek; this fair town before us a straggling hamlet of huts and all the country round a desert, it should be as firmly held by Great Britain!" The officer nodded assent, and then gathering up his reins, said:

"We had best return to the Government House, your excellency! It is growing dark, and after the late popular demonstrations of hostility to your person, it may not be safe for you to be abroad unattended at a late hour."

"You advise well, Proctor," answered the Colonial Governor, in a quick tone. "I have already thrice escaped assassination by some desperadoes. These fishermen, too, are so incensed by my refusing them license to leave the harbor and pursue their occupation, that I have something to apprehend from them here in their neighborhood! But every fishing-smack that leaves the harbor will be used as a smuggler for the enemy, for which they are well fitted. Let us ride forward!" And thus speaking, they spurred down into the town.

The hill upon which they were, was about two hundred feet above the town in its eastern extremity, descending with a green slope to the waters of the harbor on one side, and those of Charles River on the other. That it was a commanding position, it has been shown. The end of Ann Street terminated at its foot, and here and there was the low tenement of a laborer straggling up its sides. No street crowned it, as now upon its summit was a graveyard, surrounded by a low brick wall. Paths crossed the hill in various directions intersecting the old grave-yard, entering and leaving it by a stile at opposite angles. The most elevated ground of the hill was not enclosed but left open for a common for the cows, and was used as a play-ground for boys, and a summer's evening walk for lovers. Across the knoll running by the side of the graveyard wall was a horseman's path, along which the officer had ridden. On the very apex of the hill, twenty yards from this path were stationed two heavy iron cannon, twelve yards apart, and in the centre space was planted a lofty flag-staff, on which from sunrise till sunset was displayed the 'red-cross' of Great Britain. Between the guns a narrow path was worn by the tread of a sentry, stationed there night and day. At the foot of the hill, on the harbor side, stood a hamlet of low brick and wooden dwellings, clustered about a cove and pier-head, at which lay several fishing-smacks.

The dwellings were principally inhabited by fishermen, whose vessels, now that the mother country had interdicted the carrying on the fisheries by the Colonies, were laying idle. Under the brow of the hill and a little apart from the other houses, stood one communicating with a rude wharf. The house was neater than the rest, and some female hand had trained a woodbine to trellis its only window, while a vase of flowers stood on one side of the humble red-painted door. The house being built partly on the little wharf, overhung the water in the rear, where a flight of stairs rendered it easy to ascend from and descend to a boat beneath. Opposite the

stairs, about thirty fathoms distant, was moored a small fishing smack, of the description called a 'chebacca-boat,' a craft well known on the coast of New England. It was not more than six and a half ton burthen, and being sharper in the bows than was usual for the class, seemed even of less tonnage. She was light, and sat very gracefully upon the water with her booms hauled midships, and her sails neatly furled upon them. Her hull was painted a dull red color, but the sharp swallow-tailed stern rising high above the deck and extending many feet over the rudder, was painted green, with a flying-fish rudely done in yellow paint, ornamenting each side. With her two stump masts, her strangely fashioned stern lapping over like the tail of a swallow, her fish-like bows, and short level bow-sprit, she presented in the twilight scene of the cove, a pretty object to the eye of a spectator. Her deck, on which several haddock and cod-lines were neatly coiled, was deserted, and she had the appearance of having lain sometime at her anchor.

Twilight deepened into night—the stars came out, and the moon, which the evening before had risen as the sun fell, ascended from the distant ocean horizon, and sent her trembling light across the expanse of water, the dark places in its path showing where islands intercepted its glimmering track. The hill from which the British General and his Aid-de-Camp had half an hour before ridden towards the town rose silent and lone above the harbor and dwellings. The moonlight silvered the top of the flag-staff, and cast the shadow of the sentinel far along the ground, as he paced his solitary path between the frowning cannon, which in the uncertain light looked like two huge monsters crouching beneath the staff.

There is something in the rising of the summer's moon that awakens whatever of sentiment there may be lying dormant in the rudest bosom. The sentinel was a young man, tall and manly, with pleasant features. He paused in his walk as the moon rose slowly up from the sea and flung her scarf out upon the waters even to his feet. As he gazed, and pleased watched her silent ascent into the pearly skies, star after star retiring as she advanced, he insensibly grounded his musket, and leaned his chin upon the muzzle. His thoughts perhaps were in merry England! He was perchance thinking of a little cottage in her green bosom, with honeysuckle and woodbine growing over the door and casement, and wondering if the same light that streamed along the water and gleamed upon his polished gun barrel, shone down upon his birth-place! Long and musingly he leaned upon his musket, with his cheek resting on his hands, his gaze towards the land of his heart's yearning, and sighed as he thought, perhaps, of a fair maid who might at that moment be also looking upon it and thinking of her soldier lover, who fondly cherished her memory and love, even in that far land.

As he gazed, all forgetful of his duty, a part of which was to keep watch on the fishing craft anchored at the foot of the hill, the foresail and jib of the little chebacca craft above described were hoisted together without noise, unseen and unheard by him, and the spread canvass taking the night-breeze which awoke as the moon rose, pressed her a few seconds in shoreward, when, just as she seemed to strike the bank, her mainsail, seemingly without hands, was also opened broadly to the wind, and tacking, she stood out of the cove directly across the moon's bright track, and came into line with the sentinel's vision!

It was several seconds before he could recall himself or quite understand what he saw; and when at length he realized the truth, the 'Flying Fish' was lost to his sight far to leeward in the obscurity of the night. He could scarcely credit his eyes and turned to look where she had been moored; and saw that the little cove was empty!

He was about to discharge his musket and give the alarm when a man, who had a quarter of an hour before got over the wall of the grave-yard, and stolen along by its shadow, and had been for some time watching him from the obscurity, sprang out and grasped his hand and the weapon.

"Resist and you are a dead man," he said in a low resolute voice.

"That is a word easily said," answered the sentry, struggling to cast off his hold and recover the possession of his musket.

But the strength of the man, who by his dress was a fisherman, was too great for him, and the weapon was wrested from his hands by the stranger, who with an iron grasp of one hand upon his throat, pinned the discomfited soldier to the ground.

"If I treat you rudely thank yourself, John Beckwith," said the man. "I have been watching you the last twenty minutes from the shadow of this gun, while you stood by it watching the moon! The craft is now fairly off, and you cannot help yourself. I told her skipper I would see you were looking another way, John—but when I came near and saw the moon glistening upon a tear in your eye, I knew you couldn't see as clear as you might, if you could see at all. So I let you remain, and kept my flask of rum in my belt. But when I saw you start and rub your eyes, and bring your musket to cock, I was upon you! Now, John, put the flask to your lips. You never bought liquor like this from me. It is for friends drink!"

"This is a treatment I didn't expect from a friend like you, Corly," said the soldier reprovingly, and refusing to drink—though this was his failing. "You have brought me into difficulty. I wish I had never seen you or your tap-room!"

"Poh! poh! I came up to tell you that I want you to come and take a cold supper with us, after you are off duty. I meant to have kept you talking and drinking till the craft got off; but it is as well as it is. I know you couldn't see straight, John, nor tell a smack from a gull with three glasses!"

CHAPTER II.

IN THE TRACK OF THE MOON.

"I must account for the disappearance of the smack."

"It will never be missed."

"They are numbered, and their position marked. Besides, I was charged to watch that one in particular, as it was the intention of the Colonel, to use her for some purpose to-morrow."

"Then Mark was not far wrong," said the man to himself.

"The brave boy and the old man have taken her out boldly! Well, this alters the case," he added, turning to the soldier, whom he had released, and who now stood by the cannon, "I will tell you how I will fix it, so that you will not be blamed. I will tie you hand and foot, and if you are found in this way, can clear yourself with that fact."

"But I won't consent to this—"

"But you shall!" and the next moment the soldier was bound by main force to the carriage of the gun, and his musket placed beyond his reach! "Now, John, you must excuse my freedom," said the fisherman, "but I can't have you blamed. You are a good customer, and not a bad fellow for an Englishman!"

"We have had many a glass together, Corly," said the soldier with bitterness; "but it would do me more good now to cross bayonets with you than it ever gave me to clash cups with you!"

"Be it so, John," said the other firmly. "The time is coming, and is now present, when hands lately clasped in friendship, will hold hostile steels. You are not the only one of your regiment, John, that used to come to my little waterside inn, that I have had a liking for; but this war is like to make brothers foes; and if you and I are to be foes, be it so! There is a tattoo beating from the ships. The rounds will be along soon and relieve you, so I will bid you good night, John!"

The keeper of the "Foul Anchor," a little tavern in Ann Street, much frequented at that period by the British soldiers, then bounced over the wall, took his way down the hill, and was soon lost to view in the narrow street at the foot. The soldier growled and fretted, and at length, by great exertion disengaged himself, he reached his musket and snapped it, when to his chagrin and disappointment, he discovered that his late friend had freely moistened the priming with the juice of tobacco.

Cursing him and himself he now waited patiently for the relief-guard, listening for the tattoo, as it rolled across the water from the Admiral's frigate, to cease, till when he knew

the relief would not be round. At length the band, after playing a dozen airs, closed with "Rule Britannia." The clock of the Old South at the same moment told eight, and in a few moments he heard the tramp of the guard as it marched towards the post. His situation, bound to the gun-carriage, filled the other soldiers with no little surprise. He briefly explained that he had been seized and bound by the old fisherman, who was landlord of the "Foul Anchor," to prevent his giving the alarm while the fishing smack anchored below, got underweigh. He was reprimanded for suffering himself to be surprised, and released from his situation; while a report of what had occurred was immediately made to the commanding officer. The guard continued its round to relieve the post at Charles River bridge, after having first left another soldier in the late sentinel's place.

This was a period—at the time of our story—when everything was in a state of great excitement. The difficulties between England and her Colonies had reached their crisis, and on the 19th of April, six weeks previous to the time we open the scene of this tale, the first blood had been shed at Concord and Lexington. From that day an army had been assembling near Boston, until nearly twenty thousand men, invested it. In the town the British forces amounted to ten thousand men, under Howe and Clinton. General Gage was the provincial governor, but his authority was denied by the colonists, and himself held in detestation.

The citizens of Boston who were friendly to the revolution, had taken flight from the city by every means and opportunity they could command, to join the patriot forces besieging it. The English fortified the Neck, and planted batteries on every prominent position. The streets were constantly filled with troops, parading or marching from post to post; while almost every spacious private house, and all the dissenting churches were converted into barracks. The odious Port Bill had been some time in operation; and merchant vessels and craft of all kinds lay rotting at the wharves. The port was closed to all commerce, and communication with the town, by water, had virtually ceased. The citizens were suffering from want of the necessaries of life, while the soldiers were rioting in plenty. Since the disastrous affair at Lexington, the situation of the patriotic citizens of all classes was highly annoying. The English treated them with suspicion and insult, and ruled them like masters and tyrants. Private property was sacrificed to military rapacity, and the lives and persons of individuals stood in hourly jeopardy. Previous to the battle of Lexington the soldiers and citizens had lived together on terms, if not of intimacy, at least of forbearance. They drank, danced, and mingled freely together, on every occasion, as is shown by the late intimacy of the sentinel Backwith and Corly.

But from that day things wore a different and more hostile aspect. General Gage laid the severest restrictions upon the town's-people, unless they were openly Tories. The poor were sufferers by the restraints upon trade, and the suspension of their avocation. The fishermen, who at that time formed a large portion of the citizens of the humble class, were in great distress. Accustomed to live from day to day by the proceeds of their daily toil, they had been now some weeks idle, and were almost in a state of starvation. Many of them had early escaped from the harbor before it was shut up; and others, finding that they could not get away, sullenly set fire to their smacks, rather than the British should possess them. To preserve the remainder and to prevent citizens escaping to the mainland in them, as many had done, General Gage had ordered them to be moored within range of the cannon on Copp's Hill, and under the sentry's eye. The "Flying Fish" had previously been anchored in her late position by her skipper, the cove being in front of his own house. She was known to be a fast sailer, and it being necessary for Lord Howe to communicate with Salem as privately as possible, it was decided to dispatch her under charge of an officer the ensuing day; for the only small vessel in the harbor belonging to the English was the armed schooner already alluded to which could not be sent without attracting the observation of the Americans; and all land communication was interrupted, by the "rebel" forces.

The tattoo had been over about five minutes on board the English frigate, and the quarter-master was pacing to and fro in short quick turns upon the poop, when the officer of the deck came near, and, pointing in the moon's wake, bade him look and tell him if he saw anything. After a momentary glance with his eye, he put up his spy-glass, and said:

"Yes—a fore-and-after gliding through the haze like a ghost of moonlight! Stay; it is one of the Yankee rebec fishing boats—which they corrupt to chebac, or chebacca. I wonder what it can be doing under sail!"

"It skims along the water before this light air from the west like a swallow on the wing," said the midshipman. "Howe has dispatched her off on some shoal-water affair, or her skipper has a permit to fish."

"If she has stolen out, as it looks very like from the way she hugs that island as if she would hide herself from the moonlight in its huge black shadow, she will be brought up by one of the guard-boats or a gun from the castle! Ah! there flies a rocket from Copp's Hill!"

"Then there is mischief—and that little fore-and-after is at the bottom of it!" cried the quarter-master. "Suppose you man and send a boat, sir, to bring her to!"

"We could not touch her with this wind. Besides, the guard-boats will challenge her at all events. What could that rocket mean? There again!"

While he spoke a blue-light was ignited on the hill and blazed a few seconds, shedding a bright noon-day glare, over town, harbor, shipping and castle, exposing for an instant the clear line of the horizon, and every object on land or water. Instantaneous with it came the flash and report of a cannon, and involuntarily every eye was directed in the bright light which rendered it distinctly visible in the direction of the chebec. The large round shot was heard humming through the air, and the next moment seen to plough up the surface of the water close ahead of her bows. The succeeding instant sudden darkness veiled every object, and it was several seconds before the moon, so rudely eclipsed by the burning blue-light, recovered her power in their lately dazzled eyes.

"Shall I man a boat, sir?" eagerly inquired an officer, after reporting these events to Lord Howe in his cabin.

"No. Leave the matter for the guard-boats and castle guns. If it is an affair of importance to seize the boat she cannot escape from the harbor. It is probably only some of General Gage's folly in burning gunpowder," he said, as the officer went out. "If he should see a pocket-handkerchief on the water he would fire a twenty-four pound shot at it lest it should hold mischief."

The officers returned to post, and joining the group upon the quarter-deck, they discussed the affair they had witnessed, at intervals watching with a night-glass the little chebec flying away harmlessly in the distance, like a snow-white bird escaped from the ill-aimed shot of some sporting tyro.

CHAPTER III.

THE CHASE.

THE "Flying Fish" had but a few moments disappeared in the silvery haze of the moonlight from the eyes of the group of officers on the deck of the flag-ship, when the midshipman in charge of one of the guard-boats rowing between the Castle and Chelsea, thought he discovered a low sail to windward coming down from the town. The burning of the light and the firing from Copp's Hill had already awakened his attention and that of his men; who besides the crew of eight oarsmen, consisted of a sergeant and four marines, armed with muskets, and posted two in the bows and two in the stern.

"Do you see anything, coxswain?" he asked of a sharp eyed lad who steered the barge, after a moment's inspection of the object with a small telescope; "I am confident I saw a fore-and-after of some sort, but I see nothing now. I distinctly saw her fore and main sail and she seemed running before the wind."

"There is a merchant vessel moored in this direction, and

perhaps she had taken the windward of her," said the lad. "Ah, there she is now, sir, plain as a marine's queue at muster."

"I see her again. She is a fishing smack, with a jib set," said the officer, after looking intently through his glass. "How she flies before this westerly wind, which she seems to bring with her, it begins to blow so briskly."

"Shall you challenge her, sir?" asked the coxswain, touching his hat.

"Yes. My orders are to let nothing pass without overhauling it. If it were possible," he added, laughing, "to bring gulls to as they flew in and out of the harbor, Gage would give us orders to stop 'em. I don't see the benefit of this pulling four hours backward and forward in the harbor at night. Nothing can get out or in with so many ships of war lying at anchor broadside to, and the guns of the Castle ranging so as to cover the whole entrance!"

"Can you guess, sir, what that blue-light and gun was for up town?" asked the sergeant of marines. "Do you think, sir, there is apprehended any attack from the rebels?"

"It is more than I know," answered the midshipman, carelessly. "But look you, lad, you are steering wide for the smack, which comes down as saucily as her betters. Put her away two points and we will meet her if she does not change her course. Give way, men!"

The midshipman now stood up in the stern-sheets, and placing his glass to his eye surveyed the approaching vessel. The moon shone out clear, and the dancing waters sparkled in its beams. The wind had freshened and the increasing waves flashed to the light, as they turned over and over about the prow of the smack. She was now plainly visible, the moon shining upon her stretched canvas as upon banks of snow, and rendering her as distinct to the vision as if in noonday light. She was not a hundred fathoms distant coming down with the wind nearly aft, and sailing at a degree of speed that called forth an exclamation from the young officer.

"She seems to fly!" he said, speaking as much to himself as to the sergeant who stood near him. "The wind makes a plaything of her, and sends her skipping along over the waves, which she seems to glide upon rather than sail. I can see but two persons on board; one is, I think, a grey-headed old man, looking out in the bows, and the other a youth at the helm. Their sails are all a-taut and belay, and look as if they meant to remain so without starting tack or sheet. But, my good friend, I must break your trim, and bring you to and see what mischief you are bound on. How do I know but what you are running off with the old Governor under the hatches? Give way! another stroke or two, men. There she has way enough! Starboard a little, coxswain! So—we shall meet her."

"She looks as if she meant to stand on, or didn't see us yet," said the coxswain.

"When she gets a little nearer, let the men give a strong pull or two and lay her aboard."

"Aye, aye sir."

"By the head of old Howe, he will be into us! Smack, ahoy!"

There was no reply.

"Smack, ahoy!" repeated the officer through his trumpet, "heave to or you'll be fired into! Sergeant of marines, get your muskets ready."

"Aye, sir!" answered a firm, stern voice. "A little further. Mark—now, luff—and steady!" was heard in a lower tone from the same old man in the bows.

"Luff it is," replied the young steersman.

The barge was lying broadside to the wind, and with just headway enough to keep her under the management of the coxswain. The smack was coming down before the order was given on board to 'luff,' so that if she had continued on her course undeviatingly she would have crossed the barge's bows diagonally and about twenty feet ahead of them. The change in her course was made so late, and seemingly so awkwardly, that it was feared she would be into them, which with her great headway would probably have carried them down.

"Luff you lubber, luff! Hard-a-star-board!" thundered the

entrusted officer.—"You will be into us! Pull ahead, men—hard pull! Bend off, marines! Stand by all when she strikes to bear off, and make her fall astern of us!"

"Steady, Mark, steady," was heard from the deck of the smack, in a low, quiet tone. And the old man was at the same time seen to haul on board the fore and main tacks, so that the little craft came to the wind easily and steadily, without losing her headway. She had now come so close to the barge that the marines, who had thrown their muskets upon the thwarts that they might fend off, only waited for her to approach six feet nearer, while the oars of the starboard were extended to bear off, when instead of striking she gracefully glided past and went astern—like some superior being that, having menaced for a moment its inferior enemy, passes proudly by, leaving him in confusion and surprise.

The first impulse of the officer, on seeing the craft so skillfully evade contact, was to give utterance to a loud expression of admiration, which was not, however, unattended with a feeling of relief that the imminent danger was safely passed. But when he saw the chebec, instead of immediately coming to under the stern of the boat, as he looked for her to do, ease her fore and main sheets and fall off swiftly to her previous course, darting away from him to leeward, he could not conceal his rage and astonishment.

He was plainly taken by surprise. He saw, too late, that her seemingly blundering delay in luffing, and her awkward and dangerous way of bearing down upon him, was a ruse of the skipper to cheat him with the idea that he was obeying his order as well as he could, while his object was only to throw him off his guard, and pass astern in the confusion the threatened contact would necessarily create. He could not deny that it was daringly conceived and skillfully and boldly carried through! He stood an instant watching him, to see if he did not yet intend to heave to, and, then gave his orders with decision, but with coolness:

"The fellow has gulled us, and given us a clean pair of heels! After him, boys! Cock your muskets, and be ready to fire when I give the word! Lay to your oars, lads! Bend them till they snap at the rowlocks. Steer steadily, coxswain. Put her right after him and don't let her yaw a hair's breadth. That's my lads! make her roar about the bows. Brown a piece if we overhaul her! The fellow is no lubber who sails her, and will make every thimblefull of this dashing breeze he has got, do its work on his canvass! My life on it, that gun from Copp's Hill was sent after her! He has been in mischief, and it stands us to catch her, if only to pay her for tom-fooling us. The jilt!" he added, laughing; "the stout sergeant of marines had his arms extended to receive her as she came down towards us, as if she had been a sweetheart, when she coyly gave him the shoulder and went tripping away astern, fairly laughing with the merry ripples in her wake!"

"If I had had a musket in my fist, sir, it would have cured the coquette's coyness," said the sergeant, a little nettled at the raillery; "and I hope I will yet cure her of jilting!"

"I hope so," answered the young man, changing his momentary trifling tone for one of decision. "But we must go faster than this! She has a seven knot breeze at least, and is running every inch of it."

"We have gained upon her, sir," said the coxswain with energy. "I can see the reefpoints in her mainsail, which I could not do two minutes ago!"

"Hear that, lads! Give way, hearties! Altogether! There are two spare oars and a row-lock forward. Sergeant, put two of your men to these, if they know how to pull an oar." With this additional power—for the marines pulled well—the barge shot ahead with increased speed, and it was soon apparent that they gained upon the smack, which was gliding before across the moonlit water, with a steady helm and undeviating course down the harbor. With the glass the midshipman could see that there were three persons on her little deck, two lads, besides the old man, who was plainly distinguished by his white hair, on which the moon shone with a silvery lustre. The third had for some time engaged his attention, and after looking a long while he spoke emphatically, and said;

"It is a young girl, I will swear! At first I thought she was a boy—now I see the wind blowing aside her long tresses and she wears petticoats!"

"We are within musket shot, sir," said the sergeant of the marines.

"Let us get nearer," answered the midshipman, hesitating. "I don't know that we should be authorized to fire. Besides, —"

"The petticoat," said the sergeant dryly.

"She is pretty, Morgan; I can now see her features with the glass. She is watching us, and anxiously too. Take the glass."

"Yes—she is young and fair; and I liked to have had a maiden, sir, after all, in my arm instead of a fishing smack," said the sergeant, smiling. "My marines can hit without fail at this distance, sir," he gently added, measuring the two hundred yards space between the guard boat and the chebec with a practised eye.

"It would be a pity to kill the girl. Besides, they may be running away! That is a new idea. We must not fire, but board. Pull, hearty lads. We'll soon be alongside."

"She gains on us, sir," said the steersman. "The breeze freshens, and has helped her full two oars. She runs away from us!"

Of this fact the young officer was soon satisfied; and his ambition to bring her to overcame his scruples about resorting to extremities. A second look through his glass also showed him that the girl was dressed in the humble garments becoming a fisherman's child, and that she was probably the old man's daughter, and he also saw that she was no longer visible on deck. He, therefore, resolved to hail the smack once more, and command her to heave-to, and to fire if the skipper refused.

He, thereupon, took his trumpet and hailed.

There was no answer! The lad still kept his place at the helm, and the old man with his silvery hair was seen amidships where he seemed to be busy about something.

"Heave-to!" repeated the officer of the guard-boat, a second time, "or I will fire into you, and you must answer for the consequences!"

He waited a moment for a reply, and then, to his surprise, saw the old skipper begin to hoist between the two masts, upon a stay which extended from the head of the mainmast to the foot of the foremast, a spare jib as a staysail. It was soon set, and gallantly took the wind, and promised to do good service with its fellows.

"Now, may I never be a post-captain, if that Yankee scoundrel don't pay for his audacity. Fire into him, sergeant, and teach him that he is not going to trifle with his majesty's service with impunity. Bend your backs, lads, and send her forward! Ship your oars there, marines, and take your muskets!"

"Now, fire low, men, and take the helmsman," said the sergeant to the soldiers, who were standing up in the barge, presenting a military front as well as they could, while the barge was leaping forward, urged by the strong arms of the eight seamen. "Ready! present! fire!"

The officer of the boat had put his glass to his eye to watch the effect of the shots, and saw with infinite mortification, that the motions of the marines had been watched; for, as the word "fire," was given, he heard distinctly a female voice on board the smack give the warning cry "down," when he saw the lad at the helm disappear, while the musket balls rattled harmlessly through the rigging. The discharge led the oarsmen involuntarily to suspend rowing, to watch the effect.

"They are fearless devils, who and whatever they are," cried the officer, in a tone of vexation, mingled with admiration. They have dodged your fire, sergeant, and there is that rascally young steersman standing up again at his full height, and guiding his little vessel again as coolly as if he had bobbed at a handful of gravel thrown upon his deck. We have lost headway by our firing, too! Who gave you orders, men, to cease pulling! Bend to your oars again, and strain every nerve!" he cried with vehement determination.

The distance, however, between the chebec and the barge now visibly widened, and with all their efforts, the little vessel

receded, and was soon but indistinctly seen in the haze more like the phantom of a vessel than the real object of wood and canvass that had so lately been within arms length of them.

"I find I must give her up, men," said the young officer in a disappointed tone, and throwing himself back in the stern-sheets. "I have already chased her till we are a mile off our guard-ground, and we may now pull back at our leisure. She cannot escape past the castle and the schooner, which went down and anchored off there at sunset. So, lads, we shall yet have our revenge. Besides, I would give an epaulette to see these Yankees that have shown us such a light pair of heels. There goes the confounded craft in the moonmist to leeward, looking so indistinct one can't be sure he sees any thing more than his fancy! Good luck to her at the castle! And we will get it too!" he exclaimed, springing to his feet with animation, as a brilliant flame suddenly illumined the whole harbor and island.

CHAPTER IV.

THE FLYING FISH SHOWS A CLEAN PAIR OF HEELS.

"Your muskets, sergeant, have made them alive at the castle, and old Major Tothill has lit his lantern to see what the fuss is! There is the smack to be seen without spectacles. She is within point-blank shot of the castle, and, by St George! not half pistol shot from the anchored schooner! The only thing I fear is, that they may not fasten the mischief upon her, but attribute the rumpus to something else, and let her slip by! No! there goes a gun from the castle! The shot will come smack across her into us, if they miss her, for we are in dead range! Whizz-roar! chuck! there it has gone humming above our heads, as I said, and has pitched into the water a quarter of a mile to windward. Bang! there comes another! Whizz!" And every head in that boat dropped low as an eighteen pound shot flew by, like a hurricane, within six feet above their boat, and ploughed up the waves in a long foamy furrow.

The blue-light had now expired, and all was in gloom for a few moments. The firing, however, continued, every successive flash showing the position of the smack, and also showing that she still kept on her course. The circumstance left the barge out of range, and the men lay on their oars listening to the firing and the rushing sound of the balls through the air, and watching their effect as they struck the water—for the craft none of them struck.

"They can't hit her!" said the midshipman with vexation. "They fire by guessing her position from that she was in at the last flash; and their shot always fall far astern, because they calculate on her sailing much slower than she does! Old Tothill might as well try to light his pipe by holding it to a Jew's eye, as touch her. There goes another! See, the craft was full a cable's length ahead of where the shot struck the water!"

"The schooner may fetch her up, sir," said the coxswain. "She ranges between her and the castle now."

"Yes, and Tothill has ceased firing—lest he hull the vessel—till she passes. But let her pass, and she flings her slippers behind her and goes with clean heels. Bravo! There rings the schooner's metal! Brave little Scorpion! She is not afraid of hulling the Castle, and let's her have it! Flash—bang! Flash—bang!"

Flash—bang! There is merry music by moonlight!

The young man now placed his spyglass to his eye; but the smoke which enveloped the schooner from which he was full half a mile distant, prevented him from discovering the position of the chebec.

"If she has not gone to bottom with the weight of iron that has been driven into her," said he, still looking, "it is because she carries a Salem witch between decks."

"I think, sir," cried the coxswain, respectfully, "from the spot I saw her in, by the flash of the last gun fired from the Castle, that she must have passed the schooner's range before she opened her fire. The Scorpion rides at anchor with the

ebb tide setting her stern down the harbor, sir, and as the castle fired at the smack till the shot endangered the schooner, the former must have been, at the rate she was going, in point blank shot only a few seconds."

"That is probable. The schooner should have fired as soon as the Castle ceased, and then she would have had her just abeam. But she may have fired in time. There, the smoke lifts, and I can no where see the smack."

"Then she has had her last rations," said the sergeant of marines.

"No, Morgan, not yet;" cried the officer, with the most intense astonishment.—"There goes the rascal on the weather side of the schooner, flying to leeward, showing her as light a pair of patters as she did us a while ago. She has got out of range of her fire, as I thought she would, before they opened upon her, and has come up two points to windward of her to escape raking by a stern gun. Unless the Scorpion gets down her boats there is no hopes of our ever setting eyes on her again, unless the skipper chooses to come back again before morning, for his own amusement. I can just see her disappearing in the distance like a snow-flake melting in the sun. Well, he has run the gauntlet bravely and boldly and deserves his success. I never saw a chebec sail like her. And never had chebacca boat such a skipper, whoever he be. It must be some important affair that led him to run such risk to get out of the harbor. There was too much coolness and skill displayed for mere bravado."

"I am thinking, sir," said the sergeant, very seriously, "since you spoke about a witch being aboard——"

"I didn't say that, Morgan," answered the midshipman, laughing at his gravity. "I said she ought to go to the bottom unless a witch was stowed between her decks."

"It's quite the same thing, sir," pursued the Welchman. "I am assured that there can be nothing less than a witch aboard of her, to let her clear of such perils as she has passed through. Besides, we both saw a woman."

"Discreetly said, good Morgan."

"You may laugh, sir. But no human aid could have been sufficient for her to elude us, the castle, and the schooner, to say nothing of what she may have met with and overcome before she got down from town. This is a country of witches—and Salem is but a bit, nine miles from here in a straight line this way to the north-east."

"And as witches ride nine knot an hour on their broomsticks and always in a straight line, we could have a visit from one before our row-watch is up. I must confess we are in danger."

"Whatever you may think of witches, Mr. Howell, I believe in them. And I as firmly believe that craft was witch-guarded."

"Bewitched you mean, Morgan," interrupted the officer laughing. "But this is no time to frighten us with witch-stories, sergeant. Give way, men. Coxswain, put her nose in the wind's eye and steer back for the old ground. And you, Morgan, see that your men reload their muskets the meanwhile, ready for any old woman we may see riding through the air astraddle a broomstick."

"You may jest now, Mr. Howell, sir," said the sergeant, as if annoyed; "but when you have been in the Colonies as long as I have, you will fall perhaps as serious and grave upon the subject as I do."

"I have already been thrice bewitched, sergeant," answered the midshipman, in a serious tone.

"Ah! when, Mr. Howell. How was it?" questioned the tall, gaunt sergeant, with an eager, credulous look.

"Once by a milliner's niece in Cornhill, who sold me lace for my ruffles; second time by the pretty daughter of the lieutenant of the Customs, who keeps her father's books; and a third time was three days ago, by a pretty black eyed, cherry-ripe lipped wench I met in the fish-market, who so completely bewitched me by her beauty, that I fear I shall remain spell-bound until some more bewitching witch unwitches me!"

The sergeant sighed, reprovingly shook his head, and then commanded his men to load. Howell laughingly threw himself back upon his cloak, which was rolled up as a pillow, and as the barge surged forward impelled by the long, regular

strokes of the oarsmen, he lay listlessly looking at the stars, and commenced singing to the harmonious fall and lifting of the oars a fine old English sea song.

The daring and extraordinary progress of the chebec-boat down the harbor, unchecked by the guard-boats, and unharmed by the batteries of the Castle, had been watched with intense interest from the deck of the English frigate. Various were the surmises as to her character and motives in undertaking such a bold *escapade* out of an armed harbor, and unbounded and universal was the astonishment as they watched her successful passage between the Scorpion schooner and the Castle.

"Did she carry three masts and was square-rigged, I should swear that she was the Flying Dutchman," said the lieutenant of the watch, as he surveyed her with his glass as she issued, apparently unharmed, from the smoke of the batteries, and kept on her way with a free sheet.

"She may be the Dutchman's launch with a fore-and-aft rig, for what we know," answered a midshipman, laughing. "Can you see her now, Mr. Græme?"

"Yes," answered the officer of the deck, whose privilege it was to use the spy-glass. "She is fairly out of range and is free to go on whatever errand has sent her flying down the harbor so like a water-witch."

"Yes, sir,—and I believe there be such things as well as land craft o' the kind," said an old weather-beaten quarter-master, gravely.

"What such things, Nixon?" asked the officer, turning round to him, while he let the glass fall into the bight of his elbow.

"Them devil's-mothers—witches!" he answered, emphatically. "We all know they have their cruising ground here-away not three leagues off (pointing with his spy-glass in the direction of Salem) and that they can't find wood enough to burn'em as fast as they want to! Now, its my opinion, saving your better learning, Mr. Græme, that these ere she-devils finding it too hot on land have taken to the water; and this is like to be one of them putting to sea to breed storms and raise shoals and reefs where God left no bottom, for the deep sea. We shall soon hear of wrecks and ships leaving port that are heard of no more, and their fate will be left in mystery," added the quarter-master, with the dogmatic shake of his head, and walking away he paced thrice athwart the poop and came back and stood near the lieutenant of the watch, who said laughing:

"I did not know you were superstitious, Nixon; but it is a marvel how that little fishing smack has escaped so cleverly."

"If you had looked closer you would have seen a broom at her main instead of a pennon," answered Nixon, so gravely and with such an air of credulity that all laughed who heard him; while more than one felt impressed by his own notions that witchcraft had something to do with the escape of the xebec.

"Did you make out a broomstick with your glass, quarter-master?" asked the captain of the frigate, who hearing the firing from the Castle had come on deck a few moments before, and had heard the quarter-master's words.

"No, sir," answered the quarter-master, "I did not see it; but it ought to be there."

"She has certainly swept her own way down the harbor, and is more likely to have a broom under her bows," answered the captain, as he surveyed the little craft, which, with the moonlight on her sails, through the glass looked like a gleaming speck upon the water.

"We shall soon know whether she be a witch or an honest Christian craft, worthy quarter-master," said the lieutenant of the watch. "Use your glass."

The captain had left the deck after looking at the chase, returning the quarter-master his spy glass, who now levelled it in the direction of the castle.

"You say right, Mr. Græme," he cried; "the Scorpion has her mainsail loosed and home, as if she meant to give chase in earnest. There goes her jib! Now she pays off, and the wind fairly has her. She must have slipped her cable to be away so soon, Mr. Græme."

"Yes. How gracefully she has yielded herself to the in-

fluence of the breeze! She glides along like a swan! There drops her topgallantsail from the yard, and up goes her flying-jib like magic."

"Fred Neville is on deck himself, you may be sure," said one of the officers. "He always handled his beautiful little craft as if she were a partner in a waltz."

"I would like to be on his deck by his side," said Mr. Græme with animation. "Yet there can be no fighting—but the excitement of the chase would be something."

"And the excitement will be all that Lieutenant Neville will get in this chase," answered Nixon.

"Do you mean to say that the chebec will outsail the Scorpion, quarter-master?" asked the officer with a look of surprise.

"Yes," answered the quarter-master quietly, but positively.

"It is impossible! There is not a vessel in the fleet that can sail with her."

"That may be. But she has never yet tried her rate with a witch's ship."

"And you persevere in believing that smack to be a witch's boat, because she has outsailed a guard-boat and run a cannon-ading, when her escape was owing to her being too small an object in the night for sight to be taken on her. I assure you, Nixon, she is nothing more nor less than a fast sailing Yankee chebecca boat, manned by rough fishermen, who deserve to get off for showing such daring and masterly conduct of their little vessel."

"You may have your opinion, Mr. Græme, and, if it is no harm, I will have mine too," answered the quarter-master; at the same time walking to the starboard side of the quarter-deck and levelling his glass mechanically, to sweep the water for any strange object within range.

The lieutenant of the watch continued to observe the movements of the armed schooner. The wind was at the north-west, light but steady, and she proceeded down the harbor in pursuit, with all her light canvass set from deck to truck. The chebec was no longer visible, having disappeared in the obscurity of the distance. The schooner grew less and less distinguishable to his eye, and when at length it blended with the night, he returned to the duties of his post, the group of officers dispersed to their stations or descended to their cots, and once more the orderly quiet of a man-of-war in port reigned throughout the decks of his Majesty's frigate, the *Dunmore*, forty-four.

CHAPTER V.

IN DANGER.

THE chebec, after dexterously eluding the pursuit of the gun boats, as we have seen, was in a few moments after brought under fire of the castle, which, aroused by the musketry of the marines, had sent up a blue-light, and seeing only the smack, had opened fire upon it. The smallness of the object only saved it from destruction, and one eighteen-pound shot even passed through its foresail. The fire of the Scorpion was opened too late, and when the object was out of range, otherwise the effect must have been destructive to the little craft, which was the cause of such an uproar from one extremity of the harbor to the other.

When fairly past the castle and the schooner, the xebec (as we shall properly term it henceforward) fell off from the wind, swung her main-boom broad off the deck to starboard, and flung her foresheet free on the larboard side, and thus, wing and wing, with the wind directly aft, went bowling along before it towards the open sea. There was yet more than a league of winding channel before her ere she could gain an offing, with numerous green islands on the right hand and on the left of it; some clothed with wood to their round tops; others green and lawn-like; others dotted with neat farm-houses; and all either skirted with a snow-white sand beach, on which the moonlight glistened like silver, or with their

shores broken by precipices, which cast vast black shadows across the foam-surges at their base. The moon shone like day, and the glittering waves around like myriads of silver fishes gliding close beneath the surface, or sportively leaping in the moonbeams.

The castle was left full half a mile astern, and the little vessel was flying along between the island shores, like a sea-bird seeking its native element. The light of the moon clearly exposed every object upon her decks. At the low helm sat, or rather reclined along the deck, a youth, not more than nineteen years of age, with dark eyes and hair, the latter long and flowing over his shoulders, a custom of the well-born rather than of the humble, of that day. His forehead was high and open, and though sunbrowned, shone fair in the moon-beams that played on it as the breeze lifted up his locks. His face was decidedly handsome, and yet more remarkable for an expression of firmness and action on its youthful outline. His small, finely cut mouth was nervously compressed, and his eye cool and steady in its aspect, as he guided the little bark along its flying course. At intervals he would cast his eyes over his shoulder in the direction of the castle and town he was rapidly leaving behind, when a slight, proud smile would lighten the determined expression of his lip. His costume was plain and rude enough. It consisted of a coarse seaman's jacket, a black silk cravat knotted in front, and a pair of canvass trowsers. A red and blue striped woolen cap lay on his knees, which he had laid aside in the chase. One elbow supported his graceful athletic figure as he reclined along the deck, a position he had assumed to reach the low-set tiller, and the other arm rested on his crooked helm, the end of which was carved in the fashion of a Turk's head.

His attention was wholly taken up with keeping his vessel before the wind and giving her all the speed she could make. He also watched over the mainsheet, which was belayed within his reach, occasionally drawing it in-board or letting it out as circumstances required.

On the left side of the deck, not a yard from his feet, lay a young girl, covered by his pea-jacket, which he had a few moments before thrown across her. The side of her face was turned to the moon, which has rarely fallen on a lovelier. She was not asleep, but lay watching over the low bulwark the glittering waters, as the xebec glided through them. Her features were regularly and aristocratically beautiful. A sweet, low convex brow, small, shapely nose, and exquisite mouth, large, darkorbed eyes, with fringes like the curtains of night, and an oval chin and finely moulded throat and neck, were faultless parts that made up a whole as perfect as a woman could wish to be possessed of.

The inside of the xebec was composed of three divisions; viz: aft, a cuddy with a deck, on which were the two persons now mentioned, and a decked forecastle (a miniature topgallant forecastle) forward. Between these two decks was an open space, floored over and sunk about three feet between them. Each division embraced a third part of the xebec's length. The foremast was stepped through the forecastle, but the mainmast stood close to the cuddy door, in the waist or depressed part of the boat. On the forecastle, leaning against the mast, with his eyes seaward, stood a tall whitehaired old man, vigorous and pale in his appearance. His costume was that of a fisherman, of the rudest and coarsest materials, and were very much patched. An old trappaulin was on his head, and a small pipe in his lips. His features were strong and noble in their outline, and his eye keen and piercing. His age might have been something under sixty. These three persons were the only individuals visible on board the xebec, and at the moment we observe them were severally occupied as we have described.

The whole vessel was surrounded by a low open bulwark, about ten inches in height. She was in all respects, the counterpart of ordinary fishing vessels.

There had not been a word spoken on board for some time, save the brief terms "nigh," "keep away," "steady," warningly addressed to the youth by the old skipper, when passing the castle. The female soon lifted her face from the deck.

"There is no longer any need that I should lie here, Mark, for we are beyond all danger, thanks to your fearless seaman-

ship and your good father's skill. I never should have forgiven myself if you had been hurt."

"Your safety, Arly, was all I thought of; and I am sure my father thought of nothing else," answered the youth. His speech and address, too, were superior to his condition.

She returned, in answer, a look expressive of gratitude, and her hand was laid upon his, which she pressed with deep emotion.

"You steer wide, Mark," cried the greyhaired skipper from the fore-castle.

"My father has checked me in the utterance of some foolish speech," he said, as he brought the xebec on her course; "and I hope you will pardon me, Miss Charlotte."

"Your father has no doubt done a wise thing, and I hope will continue to be a check upon you when you venture to make foolish speeches, good Master Mark Manly," said the female, in a laughing way, beneath which the youth, with all the sensitiveness of humble birth, detected, or thought he detected, severe reproof.

All at once her manner became eager. She bent forward, placed her open palm above her eyes to shade her vision.

At length, in a hurried voice, placing her hand on the youth's arm:

"It must be a vessel, Mark! I now see a ship in all her canvas coming this way in pursuit."

The young skipper's lad started and turned his eager gaze astern. A few moments' close observation showed him that the eye of the maiden had not been deceived. There was plainly a vessel coming down under a cloud of canvass, but of what class he could not make out. He was about to speak to his father, when the old man came aft, and, without noticing them, fixed his eyes astern, having evidently discovered the same object. In a moment after he spoke:

"We are likely to have a warmer chase yet, Mark," he said, in a quiet tone. "There is a schooner astern."

"A schooner—then it is the Scorpion, and we are likely to be taken by her after all."

"We must not be taken, Mark," cried the young girl, clasping her hands. "Oh, sir," she cried, "do all in your power to escape. Any reward shall be yours."

"Do not be alarmed, Miss Noel," said the skipper; "I hope we shall get out of this new danger in safety."

"It is but one vessel in chase of another now, Arly," said the skipper's lad, cheerfully, "and if the wind blows as it does, I do not fear but we shall soon run her out of sight."

"I grant it may be so," she answered.

"You did not tremble at the fire of the batteries, why should you be less resolute now, Miss Noel," asked the skipper.

"The cannon menaced me only with death, and that I do not fear. This vessel threatens me with capture and a return to all I have risked so much to flee from."

"They shall not overtake us," answered the youth.

"Yet they sail faster than we, or why have they come in sight?" she asked, looking at the indistinct schooner.

"The schooner evidently is the faster sailer, swift as our little boat flies," said old Philip Manly, after watching the vessel.

Thus speaking, he proceeded to cast water upon the sails from the sea, with a scoop fastened to the extremity of a long pole.

"We must lighten her, sir," said Mark. "If you will take the helm, sir, I will cast overboard the ballast and anchor, and everything but the coils of rigging."

"I will take the helm, Mark, and let your father aid you in lightening the vessel, if that will speed our flight," said the young girl with energy. "I have been taught to steer pleasure-yachts and can do so now."

The skipper looked as if he questioned her ability, but Mark instantly and confidently resigning the tiller to her hand, he said nothing to oppose the step, and both went into the waist to lighten her. A ton of ballast was soon discharged by them over the side, and by changing the position of the stores an alteration was made in her trim, she having been a little too much by the head. There was now a manifest im-

provement in her sailing; for they saw that the schooner no longer gained upon them.

"We must try and walk away from her, sir," said Mark, as he saw and understood his situation. "With but two drawing sails, for our jib and staysail count nothing before a wind, we can hardly hope to get away from her. You have shown yourself a good steersman, Arly," he added, as he took the helm from her. "Father, we must try a *ruse* to escape—for we shall certainly be overhauled or brought up by an eighteen-pounder if we keep on."

"It's now but nine o'clock," said the maiden, glancing hurriedly at a watch set with brilliants, which she drew from her bosom; "by daybreak (if they do not gain on us, as you say) we shall be safe in Salem harbor."

"They will be there too, if they do not sink us before," answered Philip Manly. "We are now in greater peril than we have been this night. Cannon shot from batteries are dangerous marbles for playthings, but when a vessel is moving as we were, there is little real danger to be apprehended, as our own escape with but this little hole in our foresail bears witness. But to be in a line with a long gun, as we are now with relation to the bow guns of the vessel astern, is a situation that no one would remain in longer than could be well helped."

"And how can it be helped; or if it can be why do not you resort to the means, good Mr. Manly?" asked the maiden earnestly. "Your lives, as well as mine, are menaced."

"I am now thinking what shall be done," answered the skipper musingly. "Mark," he continued, "do you think we could run her through the shoal water between these two islands? If we keep on this way two minutes longer we shall have a shot."

"I know that, sir," answered the youth coolly. "I just now saw a light flash in her bow port, and know they are getting ready a gun for us. Shall I try the pass between the islands? The tide is yet well a-flood, and there must be six feet at any part, and we draw now less than four. It must be attempted, sir, and I will put the helm up and run for it."

The foresail was jibed over to the starboard side with the mainsail, both tacks were hauled aboard, the staysail and jib drew together, and the xebec, which was but a moment since flying with wings on both sides before the wind, towards the outlet of the channel seaward, suddenly darted oblique away from her course, and with the wind on her quarter, steered for a passage between two green islands that bounded the channel on the north and east.

She had hardly got her sheets hauled aft, when a bright flash illumined the bows of the pursuing schooner, a roaring, rushing sound was heard in the air, and a shot struck the water in the spot the xebec would have been in had her course been unchanged.

The maiden clasped her hands convulsively together as the roaring missile passed by and dashed into the sea, while Philip Manly coolly remarked:

"That was a good shot and a lucky escape, Mark."

"Oh, what dangers have I placed you in, my dear friend!" Arly exclaimed with much emotion.

"Danger to serve you, Arly, is but sport to me; and as to my father, he loves you almost as well as——," he would have added, "I do!" But he stopped short, and blushing, was silent; while she, as if not hearing him, stood up and watched with intense interest the further movements of the pursuing schooner.

CHAPTER VI.

THE SCORPION.

It was evident that the sudden change made in the course of the xebec had saved her from destruction; for in a few moments, a second, and shortly after a third shot was fired from the schooner, and flew along in the track of the first, and in a fair line with the xebec's wake, before they had made the fortunate angle with it, along which they were now running.

and after a brief flapping of the jib and foresail, the rattling of blocks and cordage, the heavy mainsail took the wind on the other quarter, and the lively and manageable little vessel was the next moment, and not two seconds too soon, leaving the danger astern, and bounding with momentarily increasing velocity in a direction nearly towards the schooner.

CHAPTER VII.

A YANKEE TRICK.

Arly Noel on discovering how the xebec now headed, sprang to the side of Mark and catching his arm almost cast herself on her knees before him, as she cried, almost frantically,

"You cannot be so cruel, Mark, as to deliver me up to a fate worse than death! If you approach nearer I will throw myself into the sea! Nay, Heaven forgive me!"

"Arly, you know I would die to save you." One moment standing on the course we were, and we should have been on the bar that makes between the two islands. And as we are within range we should have been struck by their shot or captured by their boats."

"And what better fate is this before us, Mark? We are flying so rapidly towards the schooner that I can see every rope and spar standing out clear in the moonlight, which I could not do three minutes since! Nay—I can plainly see men on her bows—a dark group! Oh, Mark, this! indeed a fearful end to all my hopes of escape!"

"Arly, I beg you to be calm and trust all to me!" answered the youth, in a low but confident tone. "Your presence inspires me to do what I should not think of under other circumstances. If skill and courage can avail aught to save you from the fate you dread, you shall be saved."

"I know that you will do everything that resolution can achieve, Mark. If I am taken, it will not be because you have not done all that lay in the power of men. Your words and the tone of your voice inspire me with confidence and hope, though I see no way of escape."

"If you will be so kind as to lie down in the lower part of the deck, Arly, and leave me to manage the vessel without interruption," he said, firmly, "I think I can promise your deliverance from this danger which threatens us. If I am taken we must submit."

The maiden silently sunk upon her knees near the door of the cuddy.

"Sir, if you will let me manage the xebec for a few moments in my own way, and be so kind as to follow my directions," said the youth, "I think I can get through this difficulty without losing my little Flying Fish."

"Take your own way, boy," answered the skipper. "But do not let your boldness run into folly."

"Do not fear me, sir. We carry too precious a freight to risk more than a brave man should."

The wind, which had been blowing steadily ever since sundown from the northwest, had been gradually strengthening, and now had the force of what sailors term a "nine knot breeze." The little xebec declined to it so freely that her gun-wales dipped the water, and the schooner, as she approached on the opposite tack, lay down to it till her weather copper-sheathing glistened like gold. As she came on—for the space between the two vessels was rapidly diminishing—Mark saw that her fore-castle was crowded with men, and that her bow-ports were open with lanterns lighted. The schooner was not a quarter of a mile distant, and the two were nearing each other with great velocity.

"Now, Arly, I will do my best, dear girl, to save you. Be not alarmed, only be silent, and remain where you are!"

The schooner was now within speaking distance, and he had hardly spoken before their ears were saluted with the hoarse hail of a trumpet.

"Chebecca-boat, ahoy!"

"Ahoy!" answered Mark, in a clear manly voice.

The xebec which had been gradually edging to windward was nearing the schooner on the weather bow.

"Pass astern of me, you infernal Yankee, and round to

under my lee while I heave to!" cried the captain of the Scorpion.

"Aye, aye, sir!" was the reply in the firm voice of the steersman. And in a low brief tone he said to his father, "Stand by to cast off the jib and foresheet, sir. Arly, I beg you will lie down close to the deck. You must not needlessly peril your safety."

The maiden obeyed in silence.

The xebec now shot on past as directed, and orders were given on board the schooner to lay the topsail to the mast, and bring her to the wind, that the xebec might come alongside. Mark watched these movements on board the schooner with a cool and deliberate eye, and as her taffrail got abeam, he gave in a low tone an order to ease off a little the jib and foresheet, while he gently loosened the mainsheet. He at the same time put his helm up a little. This slight change, while it seemed to those on board the schooner as the first movement towards coming to, by bringing the wind abaft abeam, sent her through the water with a velocity superior to what she had before been running at close hauled.

The bustle of bringing the schooner to the wind, for a few moments prevented those on board of her from observing whether the xebec continued to wear round; and it was only after she had become stationary, and the attention of the captain could be given to the little fishing-vessel, that when he turned to look for her under his quarter, he saw her, to his astonishment and chagrin, flying away to leeward with a flowing sheet, and "flinging her slippers in his face."

"If the devil is not skipper of that infernal little craft, then he never put foot on salt water," exclaimed the lieutenant commanding the schooner, when convinced that his eyes did not deceive him. He has regularly done us. Bring a gun to bear upon the scoundrel, who, to do him justice, if he were the devil, knows how to handle his craft."

"As she lays to, not a gun will bear, sir," was the answer of the officer commanding the starboard battery.

"Let her wear slowly, and as they bear upon her discharge them," was the order given in no pleasant tone of voice.

The xebec all this time was flying away, bearing in such a direction that as the schooner then lay to the wind no gun, unless levelled three points and a half abaft the beam, could bring her within its range. It was therefore, necessary to get way on the schooner again, and as she fell off fire the starboard guns as they bore.

This took time, and the little vessel was making the most of it. Lieutenant Neville sprang into the main rigging to watch the effect of the shot as gun after gun belched forth their iron missiles. But the xebec still stood on unharmed, for there could be no proper sight taken while the schooner was swinging round, and accident only could make one of the shot tell on so small an object as the rapidly receding Flying Fish.

In a few minutes the Scorpion, with the wind on her quarter, and topmast-studdensails set, was crowding all sail after the xebec.

The result of the daring young skipper's plan to deceive the schooner was as he had anticipated. He foresaw that his sailing towards her would be construed into an intention to surrender, and that the schooner would heave to for him to board her. His coolness and skill in taking advantage of her delay in this manoeuvre we have described. By the time the schooner was well under sail again, the xebec was half a mile to leeward, dashing along seaward, with her bows half buried by the press of sail—for it now blew a reefing breeze and she carried all her canvas at the risk of running under. She had escaped untouched the wild cannonading as the schooner was wearing, not a shot striking near them.

When the maiden saw the schooner was once more left behind, and that probable escape was before her, she was unbounded in her warmth and gratitude to the brave young sailor, whose skill and boldness had achieved her safety. Phillip Manly came aft and taking Mark by the hand, said with emotion, which his voice betrayed,

"Mark, boy, you have behaved yourself well! You have my praise—for few would have thought of this ruse or so successfully carried it through. If Miss Arly does not thank you

This little vessel now had the wind on her larboard quarter, and darted through the water with additional celerity, showing her sailing to be better on a wind a little free, than dead before it. She was not, however in her present course increasing, but rather diminishing, the distance from the Scorpion, making almost a right angle with that vessel's course.

The firing had ceased, yet as she continued to stand down the harbor as before, it was clear that their deviation from their course had not been discovered.

"We may be able to get under the land, father," said Mark, as he sat at his low helm and watched the flight of his little vessel.

"If we can run five minutes longer without being seen, we shall be to windward, and then we can take our own course."

The old skipper did not reply. He stood with his hand supporting his tall athletic figure against the mainmast.

The young female stood near him, sustaining herself by the mainboom.

"The change in our course has not been detected and we may still escape," she said earnestly. "See? they have concluded to give up the pursuit and are taking in those upper sails that look so like wings!"

"What you regard as a good omen, Miss, is a quite the reverse," said old Philip. "They have discovered us, and are taking in their studdensails to bring her to the wind and stand after us. Unless we can run between the islands we are taken!"

He then went forward and surveyed for a few moments the narrow passage which opened about a third of a mile ahead, took a lead and line and sounded.

"What water, father?" asked the young helmsman in the even tone he would have used on an ordinary occasion.

"Fourteen feet!"

"I think, sir, there will be water enough. If we shoal her rime and a half feet more we can get clear of the bar with our draught!"

"And oh, if we should ground!" cried the lovely passenger.

"The little 'Flying Fish,' shall not get into the hands of the English again, father. Do not fear, Arly, I will run her through safely."

"Kind heaven grant it," she said, clasping her hands with emotion.

"Can they suspect me to be aboard here!" she asked mentally.

"The schooner has hauled her wind, and is standing for us," said Philip. "Now, Mark, boy, all will depend on our little smack's heels."

"There is a flash from her bows! Stoop to the deck, Arly!" exclaimed the young man, pulling her down, and involuntarily bending his body forward to shield hers from the coming shot.

The report of a gun was followed by the sound of a rushing shot, which struck the water a hundred fathoms astern and came ricochetting along the surface from wave to wave and splashing the spray over them, sank within seven feet of the stern.

"That was a point blank shot," said Mark, gaily; "their firing has made her lose way."

"Yet a little more powder might send the next a little farther," said Miss Noel. "It is better that I should be taken than your lives be perilled."

"If you fear not for yourself," said Mark, in a low tone, "my father and I have no thought for ourselves."

"No—I fear nothing but to be taken back to Boston," she cried.

"Then I shall not bring to till they knock the masts out of her," answered the youth, warmly. "You need fear nothing, Arly. The little Flying Fish will never come to harm while you are on board of her."

The youth spoke with deep feeling. His fine hazel eyes sought her face, while her own glance fell beneath his. The emotion was but momentary. She recovered herself, and taking his hand, said, in an even tone,

"Mark, let me now for the last time entreat you to suppress forever such feelings as you have just now given ex-

pression to. I owe you gratitude—I owe you respect and affection; but do not presume, I implore you, upon these to build up hopes that can never be realized."

"I know it—I feel it acutely, Miss Noel. Forgive me! I will never offend you again."

"You have never offended me, Mark. You need not be told how much I regard you. Let us be friends—more than this we can never be."

"I have been presumptuous, Miss Noel," answered the youth, with a blush, "but——"

"Less ten feet and a half!" abruptly sung our Philip Manly.

"But I promise henceforth only to adore where I am forbidden to——"

"That is bravely and kindly said," she said. "And now that we understand each other, we shall be better friends than before."

"Full and by!" cried the skipper in a stern tone. "Miss Noel must blame herself if she is captured."

"I will not interrupt any more," she said, bounding forward. "Can't I throw the lead, Philip, while you attend to some other duty," she asked, taking up the line.

"Yes. Each of them knots marks off a foot," he said respectfully. "Every hand (if two of them be those of a lady's) tells now! Throw as fast as you can draw in, and call out the depth. I will meanwhile, give a pull at the halyards, and make all as trim as may be."

The night, as we have said, was without a cloud. The moon shone with brilliancy. Nearer rose the dark shoulders of several islands that filled the harbor. Two of these islands were immediately before the xebec, separated only by a narrow space, which afforded the chance of escape sought by the skipper. The little vessel, bending low to the wind, darted towards the opening with the speed of a swallow. Astern, and to windward, not three-quarters of a mile distant, was the schooner, coming after them with everything drawing.

That their escape depended on their getting out of the channel by the passage between the islands was now apparent. The islands were approached nearer, and soon bore on either bow.

"We hold our distance ahead!" said Mark. "If we have water enough we are safe."

"Six feet," cried Charlotte Noel, drawing the wet line through her hands.

"But eighteen inches between her keel and the bottom," exclaimed the youth, with sudden surprise, "and we have not yet got the islands abeam!"

"Five and a half!" repeated the young girl, in a clear tone.

"Father!" cried the young skipper, with great animation in his manner, "at this rate we shall be aground in twenty yards further running!"

"We must then yield ourselves prisoners."

"Never!" said Mark, firmly.

"If we ground I will take Miss Noel and wade to the island with her. Perhaps we may find a skiff on the other side to put off again in, and so escape the schooner's crew should they land."

"Five feet and a little less!" cried the maiden; and Mark thought there was a slight tremor in the voice.

"Father, there is no use in grounding and being captured like a tortoise! Stand by the foresheet!" As he spoke a gun was fired from the schooner and the shot flew above their heads and struck the water a few hundred yards ahead. "Our only safety is in going about."

The old man hesitated an instant at the bold intention apparent in the order conveyed, and then, without replying, sprang forward to his post.

"Four and a-half!" now almost shrieked the fair leadswoman, and at the same instant Mark heard a slight noise, as if the keel was grating on the bottom.

"Ready about!" he shouted, putting the tiller hard down, lashing it with a double turn, and springing to the main sheet.

"About it is!" answered the old skipper from the fore-castle.

now, boy, it is because she has not the woman's heart in her I think she has."

The maiden attempted to speak—but fearing she should say too much, she silently pressed Mark's hand between both of her own, and then leaning her forehead upon the old man's knee she burst into tears.

"Half a league more and we shall be in the open sea, when we can run along close to the coast with our light draft," said Philip Manly. "Take heart, lady, we shall yet land you safe in Salem, and you will be at the camp and in your uncle's arms before noon to-morrow!"

"I hope so, kind sir!" was the response of the young girl. "But are we not in danger from the violence of the wind?"

"No—we are in no danger from the sea! The wind increases a bit, though. The schooner will have to reef while we can run under all we have got."

"Then welcome a storm!" she cried earnestly.

"It is uncertain how we shall get it," he said, deliberately looking at the western sky. "Sometimes it blows here to the northwest, as it does now, till midnight, without a cloud, and then veers round to the southwest, and whistles a gale till near day, when it falls calm, and by daylight a tall fog will come walking in from the seaboard, covering the whole bay and inland a league. We shall have a fog before morning, I think, if we don't have the sou'-wester."

"And a fog would prevent our finding the harbor, sir, would it?"

"No, Miss—I could feel along the coast, once outside, with the lead, as easy as you could walk down stairs in the dark with your hand on the bannister. A fog would be a blessing, as the schooner would then be playing at blind-man's buff with us."

The skipper continued to make his remarks a while longer upon the weather, the xebec in the meantime making the best of her way out to sea, steadily pursued by the schooner, which, however, had fallen far astern under her lessened canvas. The wind became squally, and at length, as the xebec passed the last island but one, inside of which, steering to the north-east, her course lay, it fell calm, and darkness veiled the sky. Knowing that the schooner would take to her sweeps, they also bent to their oars. Mark resigned to Arly the now almost useless helm. Scarcely had Mark pulled a single stroke when the bows of the schooner was broadly illumined in the gloom, and the next moment the oar was shattered in his grasp by an eighteen pound shot, which dashed the spray over the decks; at the same instant a flash of lightning descended from the clouds, in shape like a broken arrow, and lighting upon the schooner's foremast kindled it into flame; while the simultaneous roar of the cannon and crash of the thunder-peal fell on their ears with a commingling of fearful sounds that appalled their hearts.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE BLAZING SHIP.

THE scene that now met their gaze was truly sublime. The black masses of thunder clouds rolled above their heads. Not a breath of air stirred. Half a mile to windward the top gallant-sail of the schooner was in a vivid blaze. On being struck by the lightning she was immediately brought to, and even at that distance the sharp stroke of axes were heard in the still air, telling them that they were cutting away the foremast.

"We have nothing more to fear, Arly," said Mark to the maiden.

"Oh! Mark—it is fearful to own our security to their misfortune. They will all perish! Let us turn back to save any that leap into the water," she cried, forgetful, in her generous humanity, of her wish to escape.

As she spoke the blazing mast, with its spars, sails, and hamper, all brightly on fire, fell over the side, and sunk, suddenly extinguished in the flood. The darkness that followed

was so intense, that for a few moments the schooner's dark hull was not visible; but gradually as their vision became accustomed to the change, they beheld her lying an unmanageable wreck upon the water.

"This is a bad condition for a vessel to be in and a black cloud full of wind hanging angrily above her," said Philip Manly, who had watched the whole scene with deep interest. "Unless her officers know their duty well, she will be driven ashore before morning."

"I am glad for this deliverance," was the devout rejoinder of the maiden; "but, Mark, I had better have remained and endured the evils that menaced me, than in escaping put you and your generous father in such danger."

"I know not what evil you see fit to escape from, Miss Noel," answered Philip; "I only know that you sought my aid to forward your escape, and that I did cheerfully grant—for your and Mark's wishes are mine—without my taking the trouble to question. I, however, have not been so little regardless of the progress of events in town as not to form some idea of your motive in putting yourself under our protection to reach your friends in the army."

Miss Noel looked up and fixed her eyes upon him with an inquiring gaze, as if in the gloom she would scan the expression of his face; while her own was suffused with blushes, which the growing obscurity hid from his observation, but not from Mark's, who was nearer to her and was closely watching her countenance. The xebec had been for some time gently riding upon the billows without onward motion. But while they were speaking a vast billow came rolling towards them. This was succeeded by a second and a third swell, each larger than the preceding; at the same moment was heard in the same direction a deep moaning roar, which grew louder and nearer, while the black clouds lowered upon the sea till they seemed to rest upon it.

Louder and louder came the roaring wind, and the schooner was lost to the eye in the thickening darkness. The two on board the xebec were not idle. Each sprung to a post of duty. In a few moments the mainsail was furled and firmly lashed amidships, and a reef taken in the foresail and jib, which were the only sails set.

"As we must run before it, sir," said Mark, "will you look out forward for the island and Nick's Mate bar? Arly, this is a time when sailors only should be abroad. In the cuddy you will be safe from danger and the rain."

Stronger and heavier came the wild wind, and thrice she bowed before it till her masts swept the billows, and she seemed struggling in a vortex that threatened to engulf her. But recovering herself, as if with human effort, she drove on, almost leaping from wave to wave with the force of the hurricane. To stand upright at such a time was impossible. Mark had previously lashed himself to a stanchion; and Philip had passed a rope around his body and the foremast, against which he stood leaning.

Arly Noel, unable to keep her feet, was on her knees—but not in prayer. Her soul was overpowered; her spirit was awed; her heart and voice mute! The timbers of the vessel groaned, and the masts bent as if they would jump out of her. The foremast, on which was the whole weight of the chief rail, was arched forward with the force of the wind pressing upon the foresail. Deep darkness was about them, and light seemed to have been annihilated. It was a darkness that it seemed to them could be felt. It weighed upon the heart like the awe of death. Suddenly they were almost blinded by an intensely vivid flash of lightning that shone broadly upon the sea around them, and showed the fierce tumult of its waves. It seemed to reveal to them a lake of fire, through which their bark was furiously borne.

"The land is dead ahead, Mark," shouted Philip, "keep her away full two points to clear the island."

"I saw it, sir," was the cool answer of the youth, who found all his strength and skill necessary to keep the xebec before the storm; "it was a fortunate flash, or five minutes more we should have been ashore."

The loud thunder-clap that followed the lightning prevented anything further from being heard from either, and the crank little vessel brought a little to the wind, went driving on again in the darkness, the cool young helmsman guided by the

information that the brief glimpse of the land had given him and anxiously waiting for another flash to reveal him his situation. He did not wait long before a terrific glare from what seemed a whole quiver of fiery darts scattered across the sky, revealed to him the headlands of the two islands, one on either hand; by which he then knew that he was running in safety, between them towards the open roadstead.

"We are safe now, dearest Arly," he said, cheerfully, bending low to reach her ear, for the roar of the tempest drowned every sound but itself.

"If you say so, Mark, we may be," she answered, catching his hand which he had laid upon her shoulder to draw her attention, as she knelt beside him on the lower deck.

"But how one can speak of safety in this fearful scene I know not. All is terrible and awful beyond conception. I wonder that in realizing it the human mind does not perish."

"The heart of man is strong. We can endure more than we can believe until we are tried. I am glad to see you so calm and brave in such a time. I have learned more of your character to-night, noble Arly, than I have ever known before."

"And I of yours, Mark," she said, softly. "Oh how fearful the ceaseless roar of the sea and in the air. What noise is that? Oh, Mark!"

"It is the jib exploded. The storm increases. It is more violent that it brings no rain, which always blunts the edge of wind." His father's voice was now heard hailing him from the fore-castle.

"Mark, we shall have to lay her to—she is half drowned forward!" shouted his father. "We are like to have it heavier yet."

"Yes, sir, I am afraid she will drive under if it blows much harder. I will lay her to. The foresail will be enough."

"It will have to be, for the jib has just blown from the stay, not leaving a ribbon."

Taking advantage of a favorable sea, while the old man stood by the foresheet to haul in-board, he put his helm hard down and brought her up to the wind. This dangerous manœuvre was so skillfully and coolly effected, that although the little vessel reeled as the waves assailed her bows, and her foremast bent like a twig, she timely recovered herself, and soon rode steadily, bravely holding her position like a seaworthy craft as she had truly shown herself to be. As they were in the mouth of one of the harbor outlets and the tide set out, they were gradually drifted and driven between the shores seaward.

The winds now shrilly whistled through their rigging, sounding to the maiden's ear like human shrieks, uttered in fear and rage. She stopped her ears and bowed her head in agony and despair. But this weakness her naturally brave spirit condemned, and she soon lifted her face, feeling she could meet whatever Mark and his father had been compelled to encounter and endure for her. As she raised her head, with her look directed windward, a flash of lightning illumined the wild chaotic scene, and some object met her eyes that drew from her a cry of surprise and terror.

"What have you seen, Arly?" asked Mark, eagerly.

"I know not! Some dark huge object close at hand!" As she spoke the dull report of a cannon was heard mingling with the roar of winds.

CHAPTER IX.

THROUGH THE STORM.

"I see it! 'tis the schooner dismasted," he cried, as the lightning rendered it visible. "Her mainmast has gone by the board, and she is a perfect hulk, driving down out to sea!"

"How did she bear, Mark?" inquired the skipper. "She may be over us."

"I could not see distinctly! Wait till it flashes again! There she is, sir, not a fathom from us!" Boom! at the same moment came the deep tone of a minute gun.

"And driving directly upon us," shouted Philip Manly in a voice that electrified them.

"We must put the xebec before the gale and get out of her way," was Mark's reply. "But I fear if it blows so hard she will swamp."

"Let her stay as she is? She may give us a wide berth. There is time enough to put her away before the wind when the schooner is nearer. She is now visible and close upon us! Be ready, boy," he cried energetically, "to let run!"

"Aye, sir!"

The dark hulk of the schooner was now plainly seen by all three, looming up on the starboard bow and coming down towards them with a wallowing plunging movement, like a huge leviathan moving through the waves.

"She will go to leeward, sir," said Mark.

"I think so—and as close as will be safe!"

The schooner was now within fifty fathoms, and driving swiftly past in the bosom of the tempest. As she came abeam she was not twenty feet off, and as she fired a minute gun to leeward at the instant, her whole hull was visible with her decks crowded with men, who were busily rigging a jury-mast to get steering sail upon her, for she did not show a stitch of canvass or a spar, or any hamper above her bulwarks. The same flash also betrayed the xebec lying-to, and at the same moment Mark hailed:

"Are you on fire or are you leaking? If you are, we will try and keep near you."

"If there is not that infernal Yankee droger that I believed had gone to bottom," was distinctly heard in the voice of Lieutenant Fred Neville. "No. We only want a vessel sent to see after us—for we are driving out towards the banks at the rate of nine knots, and goodness knows how we shall get back—and the king's birthday ball to-morrow night too! Who and what the devil are you?"

"The Flying Fish!" shouted Mark, smiling at this characteristic speech.

He put up helm as he spoke, and the skipper easing off the sheet, the little vessel fell off from the wind, and gathering velocity, went flying onward again before the blast, with her bows swimming.

"It is rather heavy for her yet, Mark, but I think she will bear it."

A few moments, however, showed them that there was danger in running, and once more she was brought to with her head to the wind. For an hour longer they lay to, the wind still blowing fresh, when about two o'clock the clouds broke away, and the wind fell to a steady breeze. Sail was now again made, and besides her foresail, the xebec scudded under her mainsail, set with a single reef; the moon struggled through the parting clouds and gladdened them with her light; the waves subsided and forgot to dash their spray across the deck; the outline of the islands astern and to windward were visible, and hope and cheerfulness took the place of anxiety and alarm in the bosom of the maiden.

Mark now saw that they were outside of the "Graves"—the surges breaking upon which were distinctly heard to windward. They all strained their eyes in search of their late pursuer, the schooner, but she was no where visible in the offing. Her firing had some time ceased, and it was the opinion of Philip Manly that she had rigged and set her jury mast, and when the sea got down would steer for the nearest port.

The wind every moment grew lighter and baffling, as it often does after a storm, and in half an hour from the time they had made sail, there was a perfect calm; and the xebec rocked helplessly to and fro, with sails flapping and cordage rattling, upon the long ground swell.

Arly Noel had been some time asleep in the little cabin or "cuddy," where she had been prevailed upon to retire after the storm had ceased, being weary both in body and spirit. Philip Manly came aft and sat on the low quarter bulwark, Mark was at the helm, though the xebec had no steerage way on her.

"We had a rough gale for a 'sou'-wester," Mark, observed the fine looking man, in a conversational tone. "I thought at one time we should never put foot on land again."

"I was fearful of swamping her before we lay to, sir; but the little 'Flying Fish' has shown herself a good sea-boat. This was a heavier storm than that we were out in on the Banks on our last cruise, before the king forbade us to fish."

"She rode that gale like a nautilus. I think if I had not

lightened her, by the casting over that ton of ballast, we should have been in greater danger of swamping. Miss Noel is a brave and fearless girl. She seemed to regard our safety more than her own. I hope we shall land her safely where she wishes to go—for next to your sister Mary, I love her as a daughter, though her birth is noble."

"I would it were humbler," remarked the youth, bitterly. His words, however, were unnoticed by the skipper whose attention was at that moment drawn seaward, for the ocean was broadly open to view so far as the moonlight would permit their vision to extend. "Do you discover anything, sir?"

"I thought I had a glimpse of a light, but it was no doubt the cap of a wave sparkling in the moonbeams. I think the schooner must have gained an offing, in which case, if the wind should not come out from the eastern board and blow hard, she may get back to port. A gale would now drive her ashore. They have suffered much in trying to stop a poor man's fishing-smack from leaving the harbor," he added, with severe irony in his deep tones.

"The regulations of Governor Gage are so strict, sir, that yesterday I saw even an Indian's canoe turned back, in which was an Indian youth and a squaw, probably going across the lower bay to their camp."

The skipper smiled scornfully but said nothing for some time, and then remarked, "Such proceedings on the part of the English are characteristic, and are destined to lose her these colonies. Arbitrary laws which she would not and dared not bind on her own subjects at home, were enforced upon us. The natural spirit of opposition which is called forth instead of leading to milder measures and forbearance on the part of the Ministers, produced a contrary effect; for her parliament determined at once to assert its sovereignty and establish its authority over the colonies; and for this purpose it passed an act, levying a duty on writing paper, declaring all writing on paper or vellum unstamped null and void. This was but ten years, and now an army of twenty thousand men is besieging a British army of ten thousand in the town of Boston."

"How could a king, to whom all his subjects must be equal, give his assent to this unjust tax?"

"The royal assent was given on the 22d of March, 1765. I vividly recollect the excitement on the reception of the stamp act in Boston. It was met with universal indignation. The stamp-masters were burning in effigy, the crown officers were insulted, king's warehouses demolished; and the merchants assembled and passed resolutions not to import any more goods from England until the unjust and tyrannical stamp law should be repealed."

"I can remember these tumults, sir, though then scarce ten years old. This opposition produced a repeal."

"Yes, in just one year from its passage. But the bond of amity and filial respect for the mother country was broken. The ministry, mortified at the repeal, got another act passed in the following year for laying duties, not only on paper, but on glass, painters' colors, and tea. A custom house was built in Boston, and an officer of customs appointed by the crown. The duties were trifling, but the colonists objected to the principle, and remonstrated. At length, in 1770, there was a repeal of the duties on all the articles, except tea. A regular system of smuggling was now established between merchants and masters of vessels, for the purpose of evading the duties, this procedure being deemed honorable, and was greatly encouraged. Four regiments of troops had been sent over from England to support the officers of the crown in collecting the tax, and armed vessels were stationed at this port and New York, to prevent smuggling."

"How could this further tyranny be quietly endured, sir?" asked the youth warmly, having become deeply interested in the recital of his country's wrongs, as his father sat on the bulwark by him and insensibly revived the causes of the present hostile attitude between the mother country and the colonies.

"This was not all; in addition parliament passed a law that all persons charged with treason should be sent to England for trial. This gross and arbitrary injustice exasperated every

true American. It was an act alone, in itself, sufficient to raise a rebellion. Thus the spirit of opposition increased in proportion to the determination of the crown to compel submission, and the breach became irreparable."

"Slaves and cowards had we been to have bowed the neck to a tyrant who would have fastened it upon us. We resisted, sir, for well do I remember the massacre in King Street."

"And well have you reason to, my noble boy," said the old man, kindly and proudly.

"Indeed I have," he sighed; and his eye glanced to the half-a-jar door of the cuddy, as if his reminiscence was associated with the fair creature who slept therein.

But, dear reader, it is now time to change the regular order of our narrative, which we have held for these nine chapters and go back to the period alluded to by our hero, viz; the memorable 5th of March, 1770; starting from which point we shall bring up the story and the characters to the hour when the xebec left her anchorage in the Cove at the foot of Copp's Hill; and in the narrative explain such matters as we have suffered thus far to remain in mystery.

CHAPTER X.

THE BOY-HERO.

THE recapitulation of the causes which ultimately led to the American Revolution will not be required here while the summary of events which went to bring it about, given by the skipper in his conversation with Mark, will be sufficient to refresh the memory of the intelligent reader. On the 20th of February, 1770, two soldiers had been brought home, who were wounded in an ale-house brawl, and a lieutenant of marines in going on board his frigate at night had been brick-batted by a troop of boys and half-grown men. These and others signs of the state of the public mind were no longer disregarded. Patrols were doubled and paraded through all the streets, so that all night long the citizens were disturbed by the clatter of horse's hoofs and the loud challenges of the horsemen. Foot passengers were annoyed early in the evening by the challenges of sentinels posted at every corner—and those abroad after nine were demanded of them the countersign.

A detachment of soldiers on the morning of the first of March had arbitrarily taken possession of a portion of the Commons nearly opposite Governor Hancock's house, which from the earliest settlement of Boston had been appropriated by the adjacent schools for a play-ground. Even the English troops had hitherto respected this right, and it was plain the present act was one of lawless and insolent invasion. The soldiers consisted of a drill-sergeant and about thirty recruits whom he was drilling; for there were found Tories among the lower classes who readily enlisted in the service, and who became, if possible, more hateful to the colonist than the British born troops themselves.

When the boys at their recess discovered this invasion of their prescriptive rights, a general spirit of resentment animated their breasts. They grouped together in knots, and consulted what was best to be done. There were at least two hundred and fifty boys, from several public and one or two private schools, who, at play hours, knowing no distinction of rich and poor, played together on footing of perfect equality; parties, if there were any, were based upon activity and cleverness rather than birth or fortune.

The excitement at this act of aggression among these lads grew momentarily greater. Each one felt its injustice, but none knew how to act upon so novel an occasion. In the midst of this confusion and uncertainty, a lad not more than fourteen years of age, sprung upon a post above their heads and said he had a word to say. He spoke in a clear tone of voice so calm, confident and resolute, that all the confusion of tongues instantly ceased, and all eyes were turned upon him. He was dressed neatly, but coarsely, in a blue roundabout and loose trowsers and held in his hand a sort of sailor's straw hat which he had removed from his head as he

spoke, exposing in the act a cluster of brown curls shading a high open forehead. His face was sun-browned but very handsome, and his dark hazel eye was fired with enthusiasm tempered with modesty.

"Mark Manly!" cried several voices.

"I would recommend, boys," said the lad firmly, "that we appoint five, one from each school, to wait upon this English sergeant, and respectfully desire him to remove his soldiers. If he refuse to do so, let us send a committee to the Governor and demand our right!"

This speech was received with loud applause, and shortly the five were chosen and instructed to cross the street to the green, and make known their message to the sergeant. Of this delegation Mark Manly represented the town school, in which he was a pupil. One of the lads was the son of a mechanic; one the son of a wealthy merchant; one the son of a distinguished colonist; and one a nephew of the late Lieutenant-Governor; and Mark Manly was a fisher's lad. None of them were above seventeen, and Mark Manly was the youngest. They crossed the stile, and walked across their play-ground to the sergeant.

"What is your business intruding here while his Majesty's troops are drilling?" was his rough salutation.

"The intrusion is on your part, sir sergeant," answered the nephew of the Lieutenant-Governor, with a flashing eye. "This spot is our play-ground, and you have invaded it. We are here to desire you respectfully to withdraw your soldiers and suffer us to pursue our sports as heretofore!"

The sergeant stood gazing upon the speaker and his unflinching comrades with surprise and rage.

"I will teach you, young rebels as you are, like your fathers," he cried, "to dictate to his Majesty's officers. Clear this ground, or I will spit you like so many larks upon my sword!"

This sally drew a laugh from the recruits; but the lads remained firm, and Mark Manly advancing a step replied resolutely:

"We are on our own ground, and will not be driven from it. We will maintain our position till you force us from it at the point of the bayonet!"

"You will, will you?" replied the sergeant, scornfully. "Let us try if the point of the sword wont do as well!" Thus speaking, he advanced his rapier against the breast of our hero, who seized it suddenly in his hand, wrested it from the sergeant, and casting it upon the ground, stamped his foot upon it! This spirited act drew from the crowd of boys looking on, a loud shout.

The sergeant, mortified and enraged, recovered his weapon, and would have run him through upon the spot, but for the interference of a party of officers who were riding past, who shouted to him to desist. He sullenly obeyed, muttering oaths of revenge.

"What means this?" demanded one of the officers, dressed in the uniform of a colonel of infantry.

"They have taken possession of our play ground, sir," answered, in a manly tone, one of the lads, whose name was Otis, "and we have come here to remonstrate, when this cowardly sergeant drew his sword upon us, and would certainly have run this brave boy here through the body had he not caught the blade and wrested it from his hand."

"And did the boy do so?" said the officer. "Even the very children suck in rebellion," he added, turning to a captain of huzzars near him. "The boy has done bravely, but deserves to be arrested for this act. It will make others of riper years bolder, if it pass unnoticed."

"Is it best, however, colonel?"

"Perhaps you say truly, Talbot. But mark me, we shall have resolute foes in the colonists, when their boys already disarm a British sergeant!"

"They are Anglo-Saxon stock, colonel, and it will be Greek to Greek. But these lads seem to look up at us as if expecting our interference or decision in this affair. Ask the sergeant by what authority he took possession of their play-ground, there is room enough on the Common."

"By order of my commanding officer, sir."

"Then keep it!" was the nonchalant rejoinder of the officer,

and putting spurs to his horse, he galloped on after his party, followed by the captain of huzzars.

The delegation by this time, had returned to the body it had represented, and Mark Manly was surrounded and made the hero of the hour; for never had such a daring act been conceived of by them as disarming a soldier. It was now decided, to wait on the Governor, and present their case, and petition for redress. The same committee was chosen, and Mark Manly unanimously appointed spokesman; it was also resolved that the whole body of boys should escort them to the mansion of the Governor.

The dwelling was situated in North Square, commanding at that period, a fine open view of the harbor, its islands, and Castle William in the distance. It was altogether an imposing residence, and suitable for the habitation of the Provincial Governor of the Crown.

The lads, whose number had now increased to full three hundred, all animated by the same sense of wrong and the same spirit of justice, formed themselves into something like the order of a procession, six and eight abreast, and preceded by their committee, took their way along Common Street towards North Square. It was about half past four in the afternoon.

The rumor at South Barracks was, that the town had risen, and an order was issued by the commanding officer for the troops to arm; when the true narrative of the affair reached them. As it was, a detachment of cavalry was ordered to follow, to awe the people and prevent further commotion.

The English Governor and his family, with several British officers, and two or three eminent citizens, were at their wine, when a liveried footman entered in some trepidation and hurriedly addressed his master in a low whisper.

"Ah! this is daring, Mr. Adams!" exclaimed the Governor, looking at a gentleman in the dress of a citizen. He then added to the servant, "Invite Captain Talbot to join us!"

"Has anything occurred in the town, your Excellency?" asked this gentleman with a glowing interest he could not conceal.

"Here is Captain Talbot to speak himself in person," said the Governor, as the servant ushered in the huzzar officer, who was an Aid of the Governor. "What is this news you bring?"

"The boys of the public schools, it seems, have had their play-ground invaded by a drill-sergeant and his corps, and in remonstrating with him with true rebel spirit, he became incensed and drew his sword upon one of the lads, when the fiery little fellow wrested it from his grasp, and, as I saw myself, threw it upon the ground and trod upon it!"—Here there was an audible manifestation of surprise. "Our approach only saved him from being run through by the infuriated sergeant. As we rode away, some three hundred boys and a large crowd of citizens were assembled and from the aspect of things I suspect we shall hear more from that quarter. I thought I would therefore inform you of the facts."

"I am obliged to you," answered the Governor.

"It's making us feel your military power so frequently that has irritated us, your Excellency," said Mr. Adams. "My countrymen have a decided antipathy to a red coat. Our favorite coat is black or drab."

"The Puritanic hue, eh?" sarcastically remarked an officer of rank.

"Yes," quietly said the civilian. "And this hint suggests to me an argument in opposition to one I have heard advanced at this table to-day, 'that these Colonies being planted by the British government owed allegiance to the crown.' They were planted by our puritan fathers, and not one was settled at the expense of the British Government. The Government of England did not expend any money or furnish any force for protecting the colonies for sixty years after the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers. On the contrary, government neglected the Colonies while weak and poor; and did not extend a protecting arm until the Colonies had conquered several tribes of Indians, had overcome the difficulties of settlement, had acquired a good degree of strength, and began to have a valuable commerce. Then she lent assistance to defend the Colonies, that she might secure our trade."

This bold speech was listened to with surprise, and not without conviction, on the part of most of his auditors, of the truth of his words.

The most interested listener to this bold language of the eloquent Colonist, who was destined to take subsequently a high part in the revolution, was a lovely little girl about twelve or thirteen years of age, who had re-entered the dining-hall behind Capt. Talbot.

The animation of her clear hazel eye; the rich color emotion imparted to her cheeks; her eager listening attitude, as she leaned over the Governor's chair, drew the attention both of the speaker and of her uncle; the latter of whom, smiling, said, as he tapped her cheek:

"Why, Tarl, you look as if you were half a rebel in heart already! Mr. Adams, I must forbid you speaking on politics in presence of such enthusiasts as my little niece here; for I would not like to have treason in my own family."

This was spoken with playfulness, yet the colonist could detect beneath the light exterior, a deep vein of severity. The little maiden dropped her head, as his words drew all eyes upon her, and deeply blushing fled from the room.

"Mr. Adams' arguments," sarcastically remarked an old general officer seated on the Governor's right, "are fitted to make converts of children!"

"If the children of the colonists are converted, then the next generation will be free from the usurped power of Great Britain," was the quiet reply of the Colonist.

"Why, Mr. Adams," asked an English gentleman present, "why do the colonies now begin to call the authority over them usurped, when they have always acknowledged themselves subjects of Great Britain?"

"We have acknowledged ourselves her subjects, and we continue to do so, sir. We were her most loyal and dutiful subjects until the parliament asserted the right of taxing us without admitting us to the share of the representation. Taxation and representation, inseparable, is the great principle of all free institutions. We deny the right of the Parliament to tax us without our consent; and hence an armed garrison in the capital of our province, and hence the growing hostility between the colonists and Great Britain."

"The revenue so raised would have been expended in supporting and defending the Colonies," rejoined the Governor.

"We do not wish to have the taxes raised by Great Britain, nor to be at her disposal," answered the fearless colonist. "And if the Ministry pursue their present policy, it must be content to lose the provinces."

"There may be rebellion, perhaps," answered the Governor, coolly crushing an almond between his fingers; "but what can an unarmed body of provincials do against our disciplined forces and fleet. The consequences, sir, of a rising would fall upon the colonists themselves and upon the head of those leaders who know and should teach them better."

The eye of the Governor rested, as he spoke, full upon the face of the colonist whose eagle eye flashed for an instant, and then his countenance assumed the expression it habitually wore.

The English gentlemen were about to make some further remarks when a commotion was heard in the hall, and a footman entered in manifest alarm, and loudly proclaimed that a mob of several hundred people were entering the square from the direction of Ann Street.

Instantly every gentleman rose from the table and hurried to the windows, to the portico and balconies, while the Governor sent out orders to have the sentries at the gates doubled and the gates closed and more firmly secured with bolts and bars.

CHAPTER XI.

THE FAIR REBEL.

THE scene that met the eyes of the Governor and his guests as they hastened to the balcony, was at once novel and alarming. A crowd of men, mostly of the lower orders of the town-people, were pouring from the outlet of a street

opposite into the square, and approaching the mansion. They were orderly, neither shouting nor manifesting any other of the signs of a lawless mob. Women and children mixed with them, and an air of anxiety and eagerness characterized their manner. Their looks were directed alternately towards the Governor's house and then behind, as if their attention was divided between objects of equal interest.

"What can mean this tumultuous crowd rushing hither?" demanded the Governor, looking round. "Can you tell, Mr. Adams?"

"I am as ignorant of the whole matter as your excellency," answered the colonist, in his usual quiet manner.

"What is this emerging from the street? A procession of boys!" exclaimed the Governor with surprise.

"It would seem so," said one of the officers; "and see, the crowd fall off to the right and left as they enter the square, and leave a space for the lads to march through."

"This is an extraordinary scene, I must confess," exclaimed the Crown-Governor, with heightened color in his cheek, which the healthy port had already rendered ruby.

"It would seem, sir, that we are likely to be attacked by a regiment of boys," observed an officer of dragoons, laughing. "We had best send for a supply of good birch switches."

"This is no matter for jesting, Colonel Breslaw," said the Governor, sternly.

In the meanwhile the procession had entered the square between the files made by the crowd that had gone before, and marching in good order in front of the mansion, came to a stand.

"This is some matter connected with the play-ground, your excellency may be assured," said Captain Talbot; "I recognize in the front the fearless little fellow who wrested the rapier from the grasp of the sergeant."

"Which is he, Captain Talbot?" was the eager inquiry of a sweet, earnest voice at his side, an inquiry also put by several others, but the reply was to the sweet tones at his elbow.

"He, Miss Charlotte, with the grey jacket and red handkerchief knotted sailor-fashion about his neck."

"I see him, sir. He has brown curly hair and a handsome face, with a dark, fearless eye."

"You have described him, Arly; I dare say he is quite a hero in your eyes, from his exploit with the sergeant."

"See," she exclaimed, blushing, and speaking with enthusiasm, "he is coming towards the house, and there are four others with him, but he seems to be their chief, with his proud step and manly carriage."

"Why, you little rebel, Tarl," said the huzzar captain, laughing, "you have more admiration for this upstart school-boy in his audacity in coming hither in this guise, heading a mob, than you have sympathy for your uncle in the trouble this new difficulty will cause him. If these Yankees should rebel in earnest, I verily believe you would run bullets for them, and scour up their rusty muskets."

"You are a tease Captain Talbot, and I will not remain at the window by you, but go to the balcony with the ladies," she said, in a laughing half-angry way, and instantly left, though not hearing his parting badinage.

"Yes, you are right, Tarl; on the balcony you will be nearer, and can see him better."

The Governor and the gentlemen now watched the scene before the house in silent astonishment. There were no arms in the hands of the crowd, there was nothing to fear from them, therefore, of a hostile character. Besides, at the very moment the procession drew up in front, the presence of a squadron of horse filing into the square from another street, allayed whatever apprehensions existed in the bosoms of the most timid.

The youthful committee advanced to the gate, and the young fisher's lad approaching the sentinel, asked in a firm, respectful tone permission to speak with the Governor.

"What is that he says?" said his Excellency, who had by this time come out upon the parties.

"He wishes to speak with you, dear uncle," repeated the young girl, with the earnestness of youth, stooping over from the balcony above, her golden brown tresses falling in the act, like a veil of sunlight over her ardent and beautiful face.

"Charlotte, child," cried a reproving, yet tender female voice, "how can you be so rude in the presence of such a crowd?"

"This is a singular proceeding, Mr. Adams, on the part of the youth of your town. Methinks they have not had good examples set them. It would be my duty to arrest the ring-leaders, and by inflicting some severe punishment, give their fellows a lesson. Nevertheless, I will show you and all the colonists my clemency, and condescend to give audience to school-boys."

Having with dignified displeasure given utterance to these sentiments, the Governor waved his right hand, and said aloud:

"Soldier, let the lads pass."

His voice was succeeded by a deep silence throughout the square and in the dwelling, and the juvenile committee, with firm steps and grave countenances, ascended the steps of the first terrace, when the Governor bade them stop there, and let him who was to speak in their behalf, ascend to the next terrace. At this command Mark Manly, with a modest, yet resolute bearing, and a firm step, advanced to the middle terrace, which was a few feet lower than the portico, and about twelve feet distant. He stopped between two of the statues before mentioned, and removing his hat, respectfully bowed to the Governor, the officers, and the ladies in the balcony.

The Governor's little niece on catching his eye as he bowed, smiled encouragingly and waved her handkerchief. This little act and the smile were not unobserved by him, and it inspired him with confidence, for finding himself in such a presence as he now stood in, his heart began to sink. The Governor acknowledged his bow with a haughty nod, like a man, who felt his power and station held up to ridicule, but who for the time being knew it to be policy to connive at dishonor.

"What is your business with me, sirrah?" he demanded, with a withering frown and in a voice intended to intimidate not only the coarsely clad, handsome youth before him, but all his fellows and friends within its compass.

"May it please your Excellency," answered the fisher's lad, in a firm, respectful tone, and with a courtesy of manner that was unlooked for in one of his appearance and age, "I and my four companions on the terrace below, are here on behalf of the Boston boys, respectfully to represent to your excellency that from time immemorial a certain portion of the City Common has been conceded to and appropriated by several schools adjacent as a play-ground." ("One hundred and fifty years is time immemorial with your countrymen, I see," said Captain Talbot ironically to Mr. Adams, in parenthesis.) This right has ever been regarded by the town councils, and since the British troops have been quartered among us, also by their officers, who in their reviews have respected our privilege, and refrained from marching and drilling upon our grounds.

"But to-day, when we proceeded thither to pursue our usual sports, we found it occupied by a drill-sergeant and a party of recruits, who, on our civilly remonstrating with him, attacked us in a cowardly manner with his drawn sword, and would have wounded us but for the interference of some of his majesty's officers, who were riding past, to whom we also appealed; but, getting no redress, it was resolved by the aggrieved parties, to send a deputation to wait on your Excellency, and respectfully remonstrating against this act of injustice on the part of some of his Majesty's officers, in occupying our grounds, obtain that justice which it is our right and privilege to seek at the hands of the Colony's Governor. Feeling assured that we have only to state our grievance to have it immediately redressed by your Excellency we confidently wait your Excellency's decision."

"By my faith, but this is a grave matter," said the Governor, looking round upon those who stood by, with a smiling countenance; for the courtesy and respectful terms in the address pleased him. "This is an affair too weighty for our weak adjudication, and must needs be sent, to the Ministers at home. Well, my brave lad, I have listened to your appeal and to do you justice, the manner and wording of it does you credit. You may return to the august body of beardless con-

stituents you represent, who fill the square, (it would seem with all their nurses at their backs,) and say to them that their petition has been received and favorably considered by me, and that instructions shall at once be given for the sergeant and his company to vacate your play-ground. I will also give orders,"—the Governor spoke no longer in the tone of raillery with which he had begun his reply, but seriously, as if he respected and appreciated the spirit of the lads,—“my noble little fellow, that henceforward your rights shall be held, sacred from invasion, and faithfully respected by every soldier under my command!”

This reply was given in a clear tone of voice, and in the silence that prevailed over the square, was distinctly heard to its opposite extremity.

He had no sooner ended, therefore, than the welkin rung with a loud exulting shout, and the whole multitude of boys gave three hearty cheers.

"I need not thank your Excellency," said Mark Manly, "as my play-fellows have anticipated me." He then bowed, and was about retiring, when the Governor called to him:

"You have acquitted yourself with becoming spirit and modesty, my little lad," he said in a voice to be heard by all. "But I hope this will be the last time you or your companions are instrumental in turning the town upside down; and I am glad nothing more serious hath come of all this hubbub! If anything else should occur between you and the soldiery I wish every person, (here his voice rose to every ear), to come to me privately, and if you have justice on your sides, justice shall be done you. It is my wish to conciliate and rule peaceably if I can—but—mark me—forcibly if I must. I trust you will now disperse quietly to your homes, good people; and as for you, lads, tell your masters it is my wish they should give you a holiday to-morrow, in commemoration of the recovery of your "play-ground," where I hope you will play all day with right merry hearts!"

This speech was received with delight, and a juvenile voice cried out, "Three cheers for the Governor," once more the air rung with joyous shouts; and the multitude began to disperse, in better humor with their rulers than they had been in for many months.

"Come up hither, my lad," said the Governor to Mark Manly, as he was about to follow his comrades, who had already passed the sentinel. "What is your name?"

"Mark Manly," answered the blushing boy, abashed, now the excitement was passed, at being the object of so many eyes.

"Who and what are your parents?"

"My father is a fisherman. I have no mother living."

"You have also been out with your father?"

"Yes, sir; I only go to school when it is not the fishing season. He is poor, and needs all the aid I can give him."

"Well, you seem to be a lad of some decided character, and I hope you will always be faithful to your king and country."

"If you mean Great Britain, sir, that is not my country. I was born in Boston."

"Yet Boston is as much a part of Great Britain, in a political point of view, as London, and you are as much an Englishman as if you were born in England."

"Then, sir, why does the king make such distinction between his subjects here and at home?" asked the lad, looking up in his face with such a clear, open, inquiring countenance, that the eye of the Governor fell,

CHAPTER XII.

THE FEUD GROWS BITTER.

The Governor turned coldly away and walked into the dwelling, and the rest of the guests followed him to the dining-room. Mark finding himself left standing alone, was going, when the latter said:

"My brave lad, if you or your comrades get into any further trouble, you come to me, for I don't think the Governor likes

you very kindly since your last speech, I am Captain Talbot of the Huzzars. You will always find me at my quarters in the morning." Thus saying he carelessly turned on his heel and sauntered into the hall.

"I was about to make a similar offer," said Mr. Adams to Mark, when the officer entered the house. "The Governor must not be again annoyed by such a scene as has just transpired, though you have acquitted yourself with great credit. You must know me," he added, smiling, "and where I live if you are a Boston boy, and I hope you will not forget me, and that I shall see you at my house some future afternoon."

These two respective invitations were given by these two gentlemen of opposite politics from precisely similar motives. Both foresaw that stirring times were at hand, and both saw how useful a lad of his coolness, spirit, firmness and intelligence might be made as secret coadjutor in case of a rebellion, for in wars they well knew that females and lads have been the most secret and useful agents. The former hoped, if he should ever be needed, to bribe him to the loyal side, while the latter knew from what he had discovered that day, that he was a true and sound colonist.

The young fisher's lad bowed gratefully to each of these invitations, and when the last named gentleman left him to rejoin the party in the dining-room, he replaced his little round straw hat upon his head, and with a light bound and happy spirit was descending the terrace after his comrades when he heard a voice over his head, and his name distinctly called in the most musical tones he had ever listened to. Stopping still and looking up, he saw the same little maiden whose smile and wave of the handkerchief had so greatly encouraged him, leaning over the balcony and beckoning to him. Her sweet, beautiful face was now beaming on him, and she said:

"Come here by this woodbine. I want to speak with you." He obeyed, feeling his pulse bound.

"Are you not the same boy who drove off the cross Newfoundland dog that seized my dress when I was gathering flowers by the river, last May?"

The lad looked up with a start of surprise, and replied:

"Yes; I did not know you were the Governor's daughter."

"Nor am I, only his niece. I have often wished I could see you again," she said. "But you rowed away again in your boat so soon I could not thank you. I am glad you have acted as you have to-day. Did you write that speech," she inquired, naively, "that you spoke to the Governor?"

"It came from my heart, and your smile of encouragement inspired it," he said gallantly. She laughed at his confusion, and said—dropping a bunch of flowers which she had been gathering while talking with him, so that it fell at his feet—

"Here is a bouquet for you. I dare say I shall be remembered as long as it remains unfaded."

He stood the very attitude of ingenuous shame.

"Why don't you pick it up? Is that the way you treat a lady's gift?"

"Forgive me," he said, in a voice low and embarrassed. The embarrassment of the lad seemed to gratify her. Blushing and confused, he took up the bunch of fragrant flowers, and added:

"If the memory of this moment is to perish with these flowers, I shall pray that they may never fade while I live."

"Prettily spoken," she said, blushing and involuntarily shrinking from the gaze of the youth.

"Flirting, eh, Miss Arly," said the laughing voice of Captain Talbot on the balcony. "I knew the fisher's lad would become a hero in your eyes;" and he sang,

"Let other maids their lovers boast,
But the fisher's lad for me, sir."

"How can you be so tormenting," cried the confused girl, giving him a smart slap on the cheek; "I thought you were with the gentlemen at their wine."

"It was a pretty speech, though," said the teasing young nobleman, whose relation in the degree of third cousin to the little maid, and his intimacy in the household as the Governor's aid, gave him license for his badinage. She had, however, flown from the balcony ere he spoke, and his words were

lost on her. He therefore turned to look after her "hero," whom he saw passing the sentry and hurrying off to rejoin his companions.

The incident we have recorded had such an effect upon the Governor, that after hurrying through the desert, he held a consultation with the general officers of the forces. The result of this conference was that a new disposition was that night made of the regiments, and bodies of them quartered in all prominent points of the city.

On the evening of the second of March, three days after the scene just described, a small group of towns-people were seated at a table in Ben Corly's inn, by the cove side, when a lad entered, and after looking round the tap-room, which was filled with boatmen, soldiers off duty, and artisans, smoking and drinking, as if in search of some particular person, he singled out a tall, silvered-hair man, yet in the prime of life, who was seated at the board, talking in a low, earnest tone against the tyranny of the British Government.

"Sir," said the lad, in a low voice, "a man wishes to see you at home about some dried fish you were to sell him."

"Yes—it is that Haddam Indian trader. Return, Mark, and tell him I will soon be with him."

The fisher's lad turned to leave the tap-room, when a British soldier happening to see him, exclaimed with an oath:

"This is the spunky little fellow that wrested the sergeant's rapier out of his hand!"

This remark drew the eyes of all upon him, and at the same moment the door opened and the sergeant himself with two non-commissioned officers, entered the ale-house.

"Don't you know the cove, sergeant? It is the same stout chap that took your sword away from you."

"Yes—I would have known him in ————And he shall have reason to remember me."

With this menace he sprang towards Mark, who, seizing him by the collar, would have dashed his clenched fist into his face, when, at a single bound the skipper was at the spot, and the sergeant received a blow in the back of the neck that felled him like an ox.

"Strike a king's officer, dare you?" cried a gigantic corporal returning the blow in behalf of his fallen friend. Philip Manly caught it on his arm, and the corporal drew his hanger upon him.

"Draw weapons on an unarmed man," cried several of the towns-men.

"Yes," shouted some half-drunken soldiers, staggering forward. "Let's kill the infernal Yankee provincials like sheep."

This threat irritated the citizens present, and seizing whatever weapon came handiest, even breaking up tables to get the legs, a general fight ensued. The soldiers were driven from the tap-room, and the still senseless sergeant tumbled out after them into the street. The soldiers returned to their barracks, and representing the townsmen as the aggressors.

This fray stirred up the hostility of the troops against the citizens, and increased the bitter hatred of the latter towards the military.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE FISHERMAN.

It was about sunset on the evening of the fifth of March, three days subsequent to the affray in the Inn, described in the preceding chapter, that an assemblage was gathered at the corner of Cornhill and King street, listening to an old man who was telling them that in passing a guard-house door in King-street, a few minutes previous, with his daughter on his arm, she had been rudely insulted by one of the non-commissioned officers, who with his staff he had felled to the ground for the act.

He was a fine fresh-looking old man, though coarsely clad in the garb of a fisherman; and his daughter, an interesting girl, leaned upon his arm, her cheeks bathed in tears, and her head drooping upon his shoulder in shame and indignation. The father's eloquence upon his wrongs was listened to with intense feeling. He spoke but briefly of the insult, and then

went on in a soul-stirring harrangue to awaken the people to a true sense of their condition:

"We are slaves!" he said—his tall figure and white hair conspicuous in the midst of the crowd, which was each moment increasing in density and emotion; his full, dark eyes flashing, and his voice ringing like a trumpet: "Ye are slaves fellow-citizens! We are not men! Men would never submit to tyrants! The king regards us as his slaves! Our wives, our daughters, our sisters—they look upon them as the victims of lawless lust. Let us endure no longer! We must act!"

"Act, act!" was repeated from the crowd, in a deep voice, as if one man only had responded. While the old fisherman was speaking, a lad thrust his way through the crowd, and peaching the maiden, whispered in her ear. She heard him with a glad cry, and she caught his hand and followed him out.

"I have heard it all, Fan," he said, speaking in a low tone, his eye flashing. "I was on my way from school when one met me and told me my sister had been kissed by a soldier as she was walking with my father. If your wrong, will have the effect of making the people act, I shall not be sorry that sergeant kissed you."

"Why, Mark, how can you keep mentioning it," said the blushing girl, as he hurried along with her towards home.

"I should like to know if it was the same man that I took the sword from! Had he huge red whiskers and a turn up nose, with a cast in his eye?"

"Yes—I believe so—but I was so frightened, Mark."

They had now got into the North Square, beyond which lay the fisher's cottage of Philip Manly, when, as they were hurrying past the Governor's, he saw his niece, Charlotte Noel, at the window. He colored, and said hastily—

"There, Fan, is the pretty young lady I told you about. Look: isn't she very handsome?"

"Yes—very lovely; and she is beckoning, Mark," answered Fanny Manly. She was two years older than her brother.

Her eyes were a mild, expressive blue; her hair soft brown, and her complexion very fair, with a very beautiful peach-like tint in her cheeks.

The character of Arly, or Charlotte Noel, was different though not opposite; for she owned all the feminine grace of the heart—that delicacy of sensibility of Fanny Manly. She was frank, and unsuspecting to a fault. She had been a pet, and was a little hoydenish, if not bold. Thus, when inclined to form an acquaintance with Mark on the days he had headed the school boys, she had done so by frankly addressing him, ending her coquetry with throwing the happy, but abashed lad a bunch of flowers. So, now, when she saw him going past, the impulsive little maiden felt a curiosity to know what pretty girl was with him. She therefore beckoned to him and then ran to the door.

"Sentry, let him pass," she said, sharply, as Mark left the side of his sister and approached the gate.

"Mark Manly," she said in a playful rebuking tone, "it is now almost a week since I honored you by presenting you with a bouquet, and you have not even thought enough of it to bring me a single flower."

"It is too early for flowers, Miss," answered Mark, "and sister has no window plants in bloom."

"That is not the reason, I know—but it will do, sir, for an excuse. So this is your sister," she cried. "I did not know you had a sister. What is your name?" she asked in a frank way, which caused Fanny to smile, as she answered—Fanny Manly.

"It is a nice name. Come, you and Mark must come into the house, for I am all alone. Don't mind that naughty sentinel," she said, as she saw Fanny glance at the soldier, "I hope we shall be great friends. Come! you and Mark, I have a great many things to show you, and will take you into all the rooms where the pictures and statues are!"

"Fanny will go, Miss," said Mark, "and I will leave her here instead of going home with her, if she will stay."

"And where are you going, Mister Hurry-away?"

"To—to—I left my father near King street," he said, hesitating.

"Well, you must come for her, and the soldier shall let you pass, won't you, Henderson?"

"Yes, if he is your guest, Miss Charlotte."

"I am glad to hear you speak so. Come, Fanny, dear, you see he will not harm you."

Mark in the meanwhile, rapidly retraced his steps. He found Cornhill filled with a dense crowd, and anxiety for his father urged him along through the mass till he got to the head of King Street, where he found his father still addressing the multitude in a warm address, in which he recounted in an animated and eloquent manner, the history of the grievances against great Britain from the first. His stirring words, the native energy of his eloquence, his grey head and tall imposing figure, were singularly powerful in their effect on the minds of his listeners. Mark found his way to his side, and catching his eye, conveyed to him by signs, the intelligence that Fanny was in safety.

At this moment there was a cry in the outskirts of the crowd of "The soldiers! the soldiers!"

"Let them come on," was the menacing reply.

The clangor of drums and the piercing fife was now heard in the direction of King Street barracks, and the next moment appeared, coming up the avenue between the State House and the north side of the street, a company of infantry. They marched at a quick step; and on reaching the head of the street, where the crowd commenced their leader who was a Colonel, mounted on horseback, called a halt and then ordered the citizens to disperse.

"My object," said the officer, "is to arrest the man who struck one of his majesty's soldiers, who I discover now in the midst exciting you to rebellion."

"If you want him, you must come and take him," answered some one of the throng of men.

"This is rebellion," said the officer. "Soldier! Close column! Music to the rear! Front platoon will bring their bayonets to the charge! March!"

The edge of the crowd, which consisted mostly of boys and of the less resolute, retired precipitately, but with cries of derision and insult, and the column, which consisted of about ninety men, penetrated unresisted to within twelve feet of where stood the fisherman. The intervening space was filled with resolute men, who had thrown themselves forward between him and the military. Their bearing was so resolute, their front so firm, that the soldiers came to a full stop with their bayonets level with their breasts, not three feet distant; yet there was no wavering of these bold townsmen.

"Soldiers, make your way to that gray-headed rebel and arrest him!" cried the officer, and at a single leap he was within five feet of the fisherman. At this moment a hand was laid upon the bridle, which the officer severed at the wrist with a blow of his sword. He spurred forward and the British officer's hand was the next instant upon the coat of the fisherman, his sword at his breast. "Come thou hoary rebel!" he cried, dragging him; but the words were hardly out of his lips ere Philip Manly with a grasp like a giant, threw him backwards upon his haunches, and the rider was unhorsed. As he fell Philip caught up the sword, which dropped from his hand, and pressed it to his throat.

The charge of the horsemen had been so sudden and before the soldiers could act; and when, on seeing their leader unhorsed, they prepared to rush forward; they found themselves pressed on all sides by the throng. The blow struck by their officer and the flowing blood had been witnessed with horror and rage, and the wounded man, holding up his bleeding stump cried aloud for vengeance. The feelings of the populace at this sight were wrought to the highest pitch, and they threw themselves upon the soldiers with cries of "Drive them to the barracks! Kill the blood-hounds! Use your knives, men! Every man home for his gun!"

The confusion was terrific! The soldiers in advance, who had levelled their bayonets, had them torn from their hands by the infuriated citizens, and those in the rear platoons were in too close order to be able to use their muskets, or bring them to any position but an upright one. The Colonel they

saw was down, and intimidated by the fierce indignation of an incensed populace, they gave back. So soon as this movement was manifest, the crowd filled the air with shouts of triumph and execration, and pressed them hard. The soldiers retreated into King street by the south passage on the right of the State House, where the street widening, they were less closely thronged, and by the command of their captain, who had been absent from the scene, and who now appeared on the ground, they formed a hollow square and made a stand. The advance of the crowd had left the fisherman almost alone with the British Colonel, whom he now suffered to rise, saying with dignity, as he returned him his sword:

"Take your sword, Sir George Noel, and never draw it against your own countrymen again, else it is no longer a soldier's weapon, but a robber's dagger!"

"This is singular language from a fisherman," he said.

"I am a fisherman. Go now, sir. Hasten, sir, if you do not wish to be the cause of embroiling the soldiery with the Colonists in a war of blood."

"You were the originator, if I mistake not," said the British officer, remounting his horse.

"Yes—if to chastise a brutal soldier, who insulted my daughter makes the originator of it."

"Ah! was it so!" exclaimed the officer, with surprise. "I did not know this. Nevertheless, such assemblies must be dispersed. I have a daughter, too, and will not let the insult pass! Hark! there is a fiercer commotion still rising in the street beyond the State House!"

"Unless there is forbearance on your part, Sir George, there will be still more bloodshed. You must yield!"

"I will hasten and see what I can do. Find out the name of the poor man I wounded and I will do something in the poor fellow's behalf."

As he spoke he remounted his horse, while Mark held his bit, for he felt a respect toward the gentleman whom he now knew to be the father of Arly Noel.

When Colonel Noel reached the place where the troops had made a stand—he found that the populace were determined to compel the military to retreat to their barracks. Several attempts were made to break their compact fronts.

"It is a serious affair, Captain Logan. I will use my influence to see if I can persuade them to retire peaceably."

"Yes; they must retire—not the troops!" answered Captain Logan spiritedly; "They have armed themselves with clubs and attack the troops? I see two muskets in the crowd! If one is discharged I will order a platoon fired! See, the men are being disarmed! Shall I give the word!"

"No! Stand fast, soldiers! Use the butts of your guns in defence!"

He had hardly ceased speaking before the report of a pistol, discharged by some one in the crowd, was heard.

"Fire!" he shouted to the ready soldiers.

An irregular discharge of musketry from the troops in the second file followed, which was instantly succeeded by an appalling silence, that the next moment was broken by piercing cries of pain, shrieks, curses, and shouts of terror, defiance and indignation.

"How sullenly they retire! There is something impressive in the silence of such a multitude. They seem to be swayed by one feeling."

"And in this state most dangerous," answered Sir George Noel. "Captain Logan, retire your troops as speedily as possible. I will ride and give such orders as are expedient."

The result of this evening's work is well known. The bells of the city rung out an alarm; the country people poured in to the aid of the citizens; the whole Province rose in arms, and the troops were obliged to leave the city and retire to Castle William, to avoid the vengeance of the infuriated multitude. In this massacre, three were killed and five wounded, two of which latter afterwards died. Of the wounded was Mark Manly former chapter, who received a ball in his and was borne side, home on a litter of men's arms, his father walking by his side.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE MOHAWK.

THE limits we have fixed to the length of our story, will not allow us to enter into the minuter details of the events that followed, in which our hero and sister were interested. It will be sufficient for the reader's clear understanding of the narrative, to state that during the six weeks Mark Manly lay in the fisher's cottage, an invalid from the effects of his wound, received in the massacre, and that Arly Noel more than once visited him, accompanied by a servant, bringing little delicacies to tempt his palate, during which visits the lively girl was, all unconscious to herself, of inflicting a deeper wound in his heart than the bullet of the British soldier had made in his body. Besides her attention, he had the constant presence, by his bedside, of his sister.

Mark soon recovered; and in consideration (perhaps) of his having been a sufferer in the late unhappy affair, which the Governor had deeply regretted, and, perhaps, because his niece thought so much of his sister, our hero was permitted to visit the Governor's house when he chose, when he was to wait on Fanny home. Thus a warm friendship sprang up between the junior branches of the Governor's and the fisher's family. It is true, the duty laid on imports had been taken off, except that on tea; but the ministry persisted in maintaining the right to raise a revenue in the Colonies on any commodity whatever. To establish this principle, they granted permission in 1773 to the East India Company to ship to America several cargoes of teas, charged with the duty. The Americans also had a principle to establish, and on hearing of this measure of the ministry, called meetings and passed resolutions to resist this parliamentary principle of taxation in every shape. The vessels crossed the ocean and reached several ports almost simultaneously. In some of the ports the ships were compelled by the firm citizens to return to England without landing their cargoes. At Boston the ships arrived before it was decided what to do; and during the suspense and uncertainty, the ships were suffered to come alongside of the wharves. It was not until preparations were fairly commenced for discharging the tea that the true temper of the people was fully aroused. A public assembly was called together by the ringing of the bells in the old South Church, the result of which is familiar to every one. A party, disguised as Mohawk Indians, left the church, while certain spirited resolutions were passing, and proceeded forthwith to the wharves, boarded the ships and cast their interdicted cargoes into the harbor.

When intelligence of this bold proceeding was borne to the ear of the Governor, he called for his horse, and accompanied by his aids and Colonel Noel, his brother-in-law, with a small body guard, he galloped in haste to the scene. But the act was already perpetrated, and the daring little band were nowhere visible.

"This is a bold deed—and in the face of a frigate's battery!" exclaimed the Governor.

"The people quite content with what has just been done have gone home."

"I warrant you they will be quiet just so long as there is no more mischief to call them out. But there is at least one Indian in the street, if no citizens."

"Then, by Heaven, it is a Mohawk rebel," cried Colonel Noel, with animation, looking up the narrow lane, near North Square, which they were just entering, along which a person habited like an Indian was hurrying.

Colonel Noel buried his spurs in his horse's flanks and thundered up the lane.

The Indian flew like a deer, and the horseman followed after like a greyhound, and momentarily gained on him. Suddenly the former left the water-side street, and took to the beach, where by chance lay a skiff, into which he leaped and pulled vigorously from the shore. The horseman spurred to the water's edge, and finding further pursuit needless, returned his pistol to the holster.

The skiff shot swiftly into the little inlet back of the dwelling where lay at anchor the Flying Fish in nearly the same

spot whence two years afterwards we saw her weigh anchor and escape out of the harbor.

The Indian secured his boat and strode up to the house door, which opened upon a little gallery overhanging the water. After looking cautiously about to see that he was unobserved, he familiarly pulled the latch and entered. Fanny Manly instantly made entrance from a pretty sleeping room adjoining, on hearing a footstep, and when her eyes fell on the tall figure of a Mohawk chief, she shrieked and started back with surprise.

"Where have you been, dear Father?"

"Resisting oppression, child. A party of us were furnished with these Mohawk dresses by some friends of the cause, who previously prepared them and left them in a house for us to assume, where I have left the clothes I went from home in." He then related what had passed, while she listened with a beating heart, for there was not a truer patriot in the province than Fanny Manly, unless it might be Arly Noel!

"I tremble lest you should be discovered, dear father," she said.

Philip Manly was passing into the sleeping room when the door opened and Mark entered. His looks indicated alarm. He was a fine looking youth in his seventeenth year.

"Father," he said, "I have hastened home from the Governor's, where I stopped on my way, to tell Arly that there was no further cause of alarm, for the crowd was dispersed——"

"While I was talking with her in the hall near the stairs, the Governor came home, and was in great anger, and as he was talking with Colonel Noel about the Mohawks, saying he would give five hundred pounds for any one of them that could be arrested, and I heard him give orders to patrol the town in search of any persons thus disguised. 'Your father is one of them, I know,' said Arly to me, 'and I know from uncle's manner he is in earnest. Fly to warn him.'"

"Dear father," said Fanny. "Pray, do not delay removing the proofs of your participation in the late noble deed. Do, dear father," urged the lovely girl.

"I will, my daughter," said the skipper, rising from the chair. As he rose the door was thrown open and Charlotte Noel burst into the apartment. She was breathless, her bonnet was in her hand, her cheek glowing and her beautiful countenance expressive of the liveliest alarm and affectionate interest.

"Arly!" was the simultaneous exclamation of both Mark and Fanny. Without heeding them, she let her gaze rest an instant on the features of Philip Manly, and approached him, and laying her hand on his wrist, said, in a deep tone,

"My brave friend, if you value your liberty instantly divest yourself of these robes of honor, or fly." "Oh, do hurry your father, Fanny! The soldiers will be here, and all will be discovered! Mark, go and assist him!"

"Hark! there is the tramp of men down the lane," cried Fanny in alarm.

"I hear and see them too. Fanny, don't open the door till the last minute." The next instant she disappeared down the stairs which led to the water side, and lightly springing into a little boat, which Mark had often rowed her and his sister across the Charles river in, she took the slender oars and darted along in the shadow of the overhanging shore, till she came to a steep path at the foot of Copp's hill, where she landed, and then took her way along the foot-path leading through the grave-yard, with a firm step but shrinking heart, and soon reached North Square, and regained her own room unobserved, save by the sentry.

"Be not frightened, child," said the fisherman.

"Sister, you see no trace of the paint is left on the cheeks. There is a knock that came from the butt-end of a musket."

"Ho! within there!"

"Unlock the door, Mark, I am ready," said his father from the bedroom. The youth haughtily obeyed, and Captain Logan, followed by a sergeant and two grenadiers, entered the room. "You are Philip Manly" demanded the officer.

"Yes, sir." "You are, then, suspected of having been concerned in violently taking possession of ships, destroying their cargoes and preventing thereby the intended revenue from being collected—thus disturbing the peace, breaking the

laws, and setting an example of rebellion, and in subordination to the colonists."

"Do you arrest me on suspicion, sir?" calmly inquired the fisherman. "No—not on suspicion. I am instructed to find evidence of your criminality. Sergeant! you will place a sentinel at each of these doors!" "Yes, sir."

Mark started at the voice, and looking steadfastly, saw his old enemy, of the common; and the same brute whose insult to his sister had mainly caused the excitement which led to the massacre in King street. He recoiled with disgust and hatred, but seeing the Sergeant's eye fixed upon him with malicious triumph, he flung back a glance of defiance and contempt. His attention was next drawn to the officer, whom he saw advancing towards the door in which his sister remained to secrete the Indian disguise. He sprang towards it and said respectfully, but firmly—

"My sister is in that room, sir, I beg you will not so far forget what is due to female delicacy, as to enter here or permit your soldiers to do so!"

The young girl hurriedly drew from beneath the bed the disguise she had hid, and threw it into the water.

"You can enter and search, sir," said Mark.

The search, however, proved unsuccessful, and the same report was brought from other parts of the house.

"But where is Glaspie?" asked Captain Logan. "Ah, Glaspie, What is that mass in your hand?" he exclaimed.

"Just as I entered the back room, which had a window up, I heard a splash in the water below, and looking out heard the sash in the adjoining room fall. I lowered an oar and drew towards me a dark object, which I saw floating on the surface beneath the window I had heard so softly let down. I took it from the water, and here it is—an entire Indian costume of leggins, hunting shirt and head-dress!"

A moment afterwards Philip was placed between two soldiers and escorted from his dwelling towards the Governor's guarded by a strong detachment of soldiers.

CHAPTER XV.

IN PORT.

THE arrest of Philip Manly being made, at night, was not known to his fellow citizens, who otherwise would have rescued him before he reached the Governor's.

"So, sir, you are the rebel ringleader of the insult to his Majesty's Government, to-day."

"I am no rebel, your Excellency," answered Philip Manly, firmly. "It is his majesty that has forgotten that we are his subjects."

The Governor surveyed the speaker a moment and then, he said,

"I shall send you to England in a frigate that sails this week, and you can then have the privilege of arguing your case before the throne." This last sentence was spoken with irony.

"I have heard enough, sir," continued the Governor, warmly. "I am not to be dictated to—by a braggadocio fisherman of a rebellious province. Captain Logan, remove him with a sufficient guard to this room in the rear. I will at once dispatch a note to Captain St. Clair, and have him safe on board and in irons in another hour!"

The Governor commenced writing, and the prisoner was led by the two soldiers who guarded him into a dark room in the rear of the library. Captain Logan having ascertained that the only window it contained was heavily barred and that there was but the one door, and then by the invitation of the Governor, passed into the supper-room. Sergeant Glaspie remained in the library with the Governor, when his eye fell on the sergeant. "Your name?"

"Sergeant Glaspie, your Excellency."

"There is the note; now make no delay."

The sergeant disappeared. Scarcely had he departed when a door which had been ajar, softly swung on its hinges, and Arly Noel entered, and laid her hand upon her uncle's arm.

"I have something I want to show you, uncle," she said,

"What is it, child?" "Come with me into the drawing-room," "Nay I have got a prisoner in the next room." "I know it," she said with quickness, "but I did not know Governors were in the habit of doing sentinel's duty. Come, dear uncle!" She led him across the large room, which she opened. It gave admission into her own apartment. "Why, Arly, how can I see anything in the dark?" "True, I must get a light. Wait here in this chair, dear Governor, while I bring one. Now, kind Heavens aid me!" she said, and flying across the drawing-room, she re-entered the library and hastened and locked the door opening into the hall. She then went to the door of the inner room, and opening it said, in a firm tone: "Philip Manly, step here and let the Governor have a few words with you in private conference. The guard will remain where they are." That this order was from the Governor was not questioned by the soldiers. Philip Manly also was deceived, and came forth into the library. She instantly closed the door, locking the soldier, in, and then taking the fisherman by the hand said:

"My dear friend, you may now escape if you follow me. For Fanny's, for Mark's, for my sake, come!" "Young lady, I cannot resist this! I will do whatever you direct." "Thank you, good Philip," she said, warmly. She conducted him to an end window of the large apartment, which she rapidly unbolted and threw open. It looked upon the garden. "Let yourself down from this window, Philip," she said, drawing from it; "and follow the walk to where it branches off to the right. Take this turn, and you will come to a little gate. Open this and you will find yourself in a lane, which will lead you to Hanover street. Don't go home. I will convey news of it to Fanny and Mark, and see that they want nothing during your absence." "I will obey you, Miss Noel," answered Philip. "Bless you!" "Go—go—do not linger. Haste through the garden." "I will not noble maiden," answered Philip, taking her hand, and lifting it to his lips. The next moment she beheld by the star-light his tall figure and watched him till he disappeared. "He is gone!" she exclaimed. "There is uncle trying to open the door of my room!" "Coming, dear uncle," she cried. She then flew to the library, unlocking the door and opening it with a simultaneous motion of her hand. "Well, what is that rare thing I am to see, child?" "Oh—this," she cried after a moment's thought and she drew forth from a drawer a beautiful bracelet. "Isn't it beautiful, uncle?" she cried, commenting upon it, so that Philip Manly might have as much time as possible before his escape should be discovered. "Yes; but how come you by it, rogue?" he said. "That bracelet was the property of one but for whose early death I had not been a bachelor." "Mary Elizabeth Morpeth. I have heard mother speak of her," said Arly, with emotion. "Forgive me, uncle," she said, touchingly.

"Nay—'tis no matter. The bracelet is yours; none worthier." Charlotte Noel stood a few moments with the bracelet in her hand. All at once she cast herself on her knees and clasped her uncle's hands, while she said, in a firm voice, "Listen to me, uncle, for I cannot longer deceive you. My motive in bringing you hither was to leave the way open for the escape of the prisoner, Philip Manly." "But he is in a room guarded by two grenadiers," said the Governor, gazing upon her with surprise. "Hear me, and be not angry. I hastened to the door and called Philip Manly out, as if by your order. The guards let him pass, when I locked them in!" "You wily traitor!" cried the Governor. "I then led him (though the noble old man was reluctant to avail himself of the opportunity, and would rather have trusted to the justice of his course for deliverance,) I led him into the drawing-room, and by my dissection he let himself down from the window into the garden, and so escaped." Pride and affection would not permit him, notwithstanding her deep offence, to commit his niece. She remained still on her knees.

"Charlotte," he said, kindly, yet gravely, "I was not prepared for this spirit of insubordination in my own family. I little expected to find an aider and abettor of sedition beneath my own roof, and of my own blood!" "I have no plea, sir, but that he was the father of Fanny Manly." "Was he that pretty maiden's father Arly?" asked the Governor with

surprise. Well, this treason of yours must not get out. But rise up and kiss me; I am no longer angry.

The escort with which their father was led away a prisoner from home had not been gone but a few minutes, when the indignant Mark, leaving the weeping Fanny at the nearest neighbor's, whom he informed of the event, hastened to the hall where he knew his father and party had robed themselves in their disguises, and where he hoped to find some of the number still lingering. He flew like the wind along the narrow winding street by the water side, scarcely meeting any one—the citizens feeling that after the late bold act that the streets would be rigidly patrolled. He, however, did not meet with even a soldier, and reached the building unmolested.

It was now about eight o'clock in the evening, and his heart beat lest he should find no one, and he inwardly resolved if he did not, to proceed to the tower of the Old South and ring an alarm. The building had formerly been a museum, but its chambers were now unoccupied, save as lumber rooms for the former wonders it had displayed to visitors, the proprietor, an adventurer, having died without an heir to his motley collection, which, be it said in passing, had furnished forth the chief part of the disguises that had so conspicuously figured that day.

Mark found the door ajar, and ascended the stair-case to a long entry, at the extremity of which was a door leading to the main hall of the building. He heard voices before he reached the door, and on opening was overjoyed and surprised to find at least four hundred people assembled, who were listening to a popular partizan, who was eloquently declaiming against the injustice of Great Britain, and declaring what were the inalienable rights of all freemen.

Mark knew the speaker, and knew him to be his father's friend. He therefore walked straight towards him with the step and air of one who had something of importance to communicate. The abrupt opening of the door had drawn all eyes upon him, and they eagerly followed his progress to the speaker's side.

"Mr. Lincoln," said Mark, in a voice deep with emotion, and which every one heard, "a party of British soldiers have just now entered my father's house and taken him away prisoner to the Governor's."

"Who is your father?" asked a man, uprising from the front seat and speaking with earnestness.

"Philip Manly, sir."

The sensation that this announcement produced in the assembly was immense. Every man rose to his feet, and a hundred voices were speaking all at once. The orator made a gesture demanding attention, and then questioned Mark as to the particulars, which he gave clearly. When it was understood that he was arrested for participation in the resistance against the tea-act, there was a general cry of,

"To the rescue, citizens! Let us not be trampled on any longer by British tyranny. Let us show ourselves men, and assert our liberties!" were the cries that filled the hall.

"Let every true patriot follow me," cried a determined voice near the door. "We have driven the British soldiers out of Boston once, and we will do it again, with the Governor at their heels!"

"No, no. Be moderate—be wise," cried several, under favor of which feeling the speaker again got a hearing.

He spoke decidedly against resorting to any violent steps. "Send a deputation from the hall to wait on the Governor, and remonstrate against the arrest of a citizen, on suspicion and request that he be immediately released. If he refuses, instruct the committee to demand him. If the Governor still refuses to comply, then, fellow citizens, I see no alternative but that the town itself go in a body and take him."

The address was received with applause, and the course suggested by the orator they at once proposed to adopt. Some little time was consumed in choosing a suitable deputation, and then in giving them fully to understand their power and their duty.

"May I have permission to go with them also?" asked Mark earnestly.

"Yes. If I mistake not, you have headed a deputation yourself," said Mr. Lincoln, laughing.

The committee then turned to quit the room, when the door opened, and Philip Manly himself made his appearance in their midst. Mark sprung with a glad cry towards his father, who was instantly surrounded by the assembly and overwhelmed with questions. He then briefly and with dignity informed them of his arrest, of the spirit of his interview with the Governor, of his confinement, and of his having effected his escape but a few moments before; but he had too much delicacy to name the fair girl who had aided and abetted it.

The same hour he left the assembly, which quietly broke up, though with the impression weighing heavily on all men's minds, that the time was not far removed when resistance with arms would be the alternative of all this disregard of the personal liberty of the colonists on the part of the officers of the crown.

Although urged by Charlotte, at the time of his escape, to depart immediately from Boston, yet Philip Manly accompanied his son from the assembly to the house, in order to make some arrangements preparatory to his departure from town. Fanny had scarcely time to throw herself on her father's neck, and rejoice at his liberation, when light footsteps were heard without, and a hasty rap at the door announced that a stranger was at hand.

Trembling with apprehension, Fanny wildly besought her father to escape by the back window; but Mark advanced immediately to the door and opened it.

"I knew that knock!" cried he joyfully, and leading in a female enveloped in a tattered cloak, her rich dark ringlets falling in profusion from under a slouched hat. She instantly removed the latter, and betrayed the features of Charlotte Noel.

"You have not obeyed my injunction—"

"Is he pursued?" interrupted Fanny earnestly.

"No—but I am!" exclaimed the fair visitor, and then Mark observed the heightened color of her cheeks, and the gleam of excitement which gave her dark eyes that expression of high resolve, which, in the hour of peril, distinguishes the noble from the vassal spirit.

"I must leave Boston to-night," continued she.

"And so must you, father," broke in Fanny.

"Then we are agreed, Miss Noel," said Philip Manly, "and the little Flying-Fish will bear us to Salem in safety where you will find friends of your own kindred to protect you."

A little conversation here passed with respect to the perils of the enterprise, when bidding adieu to the pale and anxious Fanny, Miss Noel, accompanied by Philip Manly and Mark, descended to the water, and deposited themselves stealthily on board the Flying-Fish.

The facts were, that after Lord Howe had communicated to Captain Logan the escape of his prisoner, and the means by which it had been effected, Miss Noel had overheard high language, and occasionally caught the sound of her own name uttered in no gentle tone by not only the Captain, but by her uncle also. Believing that her personal safety required it, she drew near to listen, and soon became sensible that a third person had joined the conference. This was no less an individual than Sergeant Glaspie, who now revealed the fact that Charlotte had often passed the sentry, and, having been watched, had paid stealthy visits to the rebel Philip Manly, and some other things were added, partly true, but greatly exaggerated, which fixed upon her indelibly the stigma of rebel and traitor. She heard her uncle declare that he would put her in close confinement, and dreading both the loss of her liberty and the wrath of Lord Howe, she had hastily thrown a disguise over her person, and sought refuge with Philip Manly.

* * * * *

We will now return to the Flying-Fish, which we left rolling about in a calm, the sails heavily dashing against the masts with the motion of the vessel, with Arly Noel asleep in the cuddy, and Philip and his son talking over the affairs of the nation.

At length the light of the moon and the stars began to subside, and the early light of day greeted the solitary watches. The schooner was soon descried at a great distance, with a spar on end, and a square sail rigged upon it, by the aid of which she moved slowly towards the harbor. Taking advantage of the light breeze which now rippled the glassy waves, and just sufficed to round out the sails of the Flying-Fish, Mark shook the reef from the mainsail, and she lay up within two points of the harbor of Salem.

At about the time that the sun peeped over the sharp line of the watery horizon, Arly came forth from the little cabin. Mark greeted her with a glance of delight, and cried—

"The light of my eyes is come again!"

Arly was about to utter a reproof, when Mark pointed over the waters to the sun, and said—

"It is true, satisfy yourself."

Although intended for an evasion, yet Arly, was obliged to regard it as a flattering comparison, and one, too, of which she could not take notice without an application of personal vanity. The anxieties of the preceding night had rendered Arly more beautiful than ever. Her face was more pale, and her eyes, retaining all their native lustre, gave to her countenance an ethereal and spiritual expression, even more dangerous to such hearts as that of Mark Manly, than that of ordinary beauty.

"And now all danger is passed; how much do I owe you, my friend," said she, with deep emotion.

"The breeze freshens," said Philip, "and we shall be with our friends in a short time."

"And should have been with the fishes, if Arly had not been on board," interrupted Mark Manly, taking her hand and putting it to his lips. The hand was suffered to remain in his possession until he had inflicted upon it several warm kisses, and he imagined that he heard a faint sigh escape from her bosom as he relinquished it.

The safe arrival of the party at Salem is already anticipated by the reader. The adventures of Mark Manly during the long war which resulted in our independence would of themselves, make an interesting volume. Having been taken prisoner early in the strife between the colonies and the mother country, he was confined for some months before he contrived to make his escape. Subsequently he fought under Paul Jones, in the Bon Homme Richard, and returned to his native land just at the close of the war.

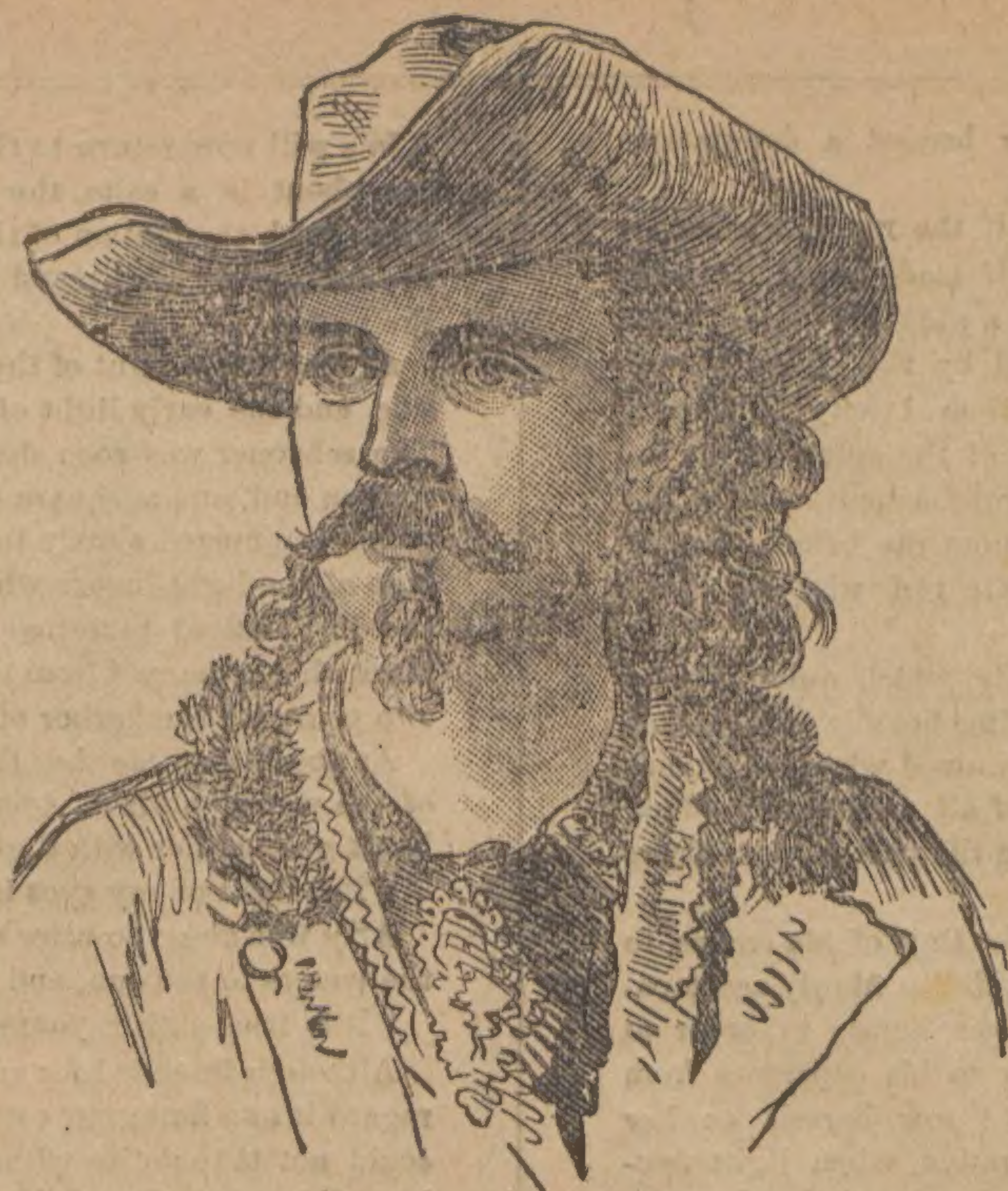
Associating with officers, and having been obliged to qualify himself for several honorable stations which he had held, both on the continent and abroad, he was now an intelligent and gentlemanly man. The thought of Charlotte had never been absent from his mind, and although vigorous and arduous exertion had served to temper the softer passion in some degree, yet on his countenance he wore that touching melancholy which serves to interest strangers at first sight.

An orphan, reduced from affluence to poverty, was making her temporary residence at a hotel at which he stopped on his way to rejoin his friends at Boston. He heard her beauty extolled by the gentlemen present, several of whom had evidently taken a warm interest in her history. Before Mark could hear that history he was summoned to the dining-hall. Several ladies entered, and took their seats at one of the tables, and lastly one whose appearance caused Mark to spring from his seat. The recognition was mutual; and, now dear reader, we have only to say that there was a pleasant and romantic residence near Lexington, where dwelt, for many years, in the enjoyment of every felicity, Mark Manly and Charlotte Noel.

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